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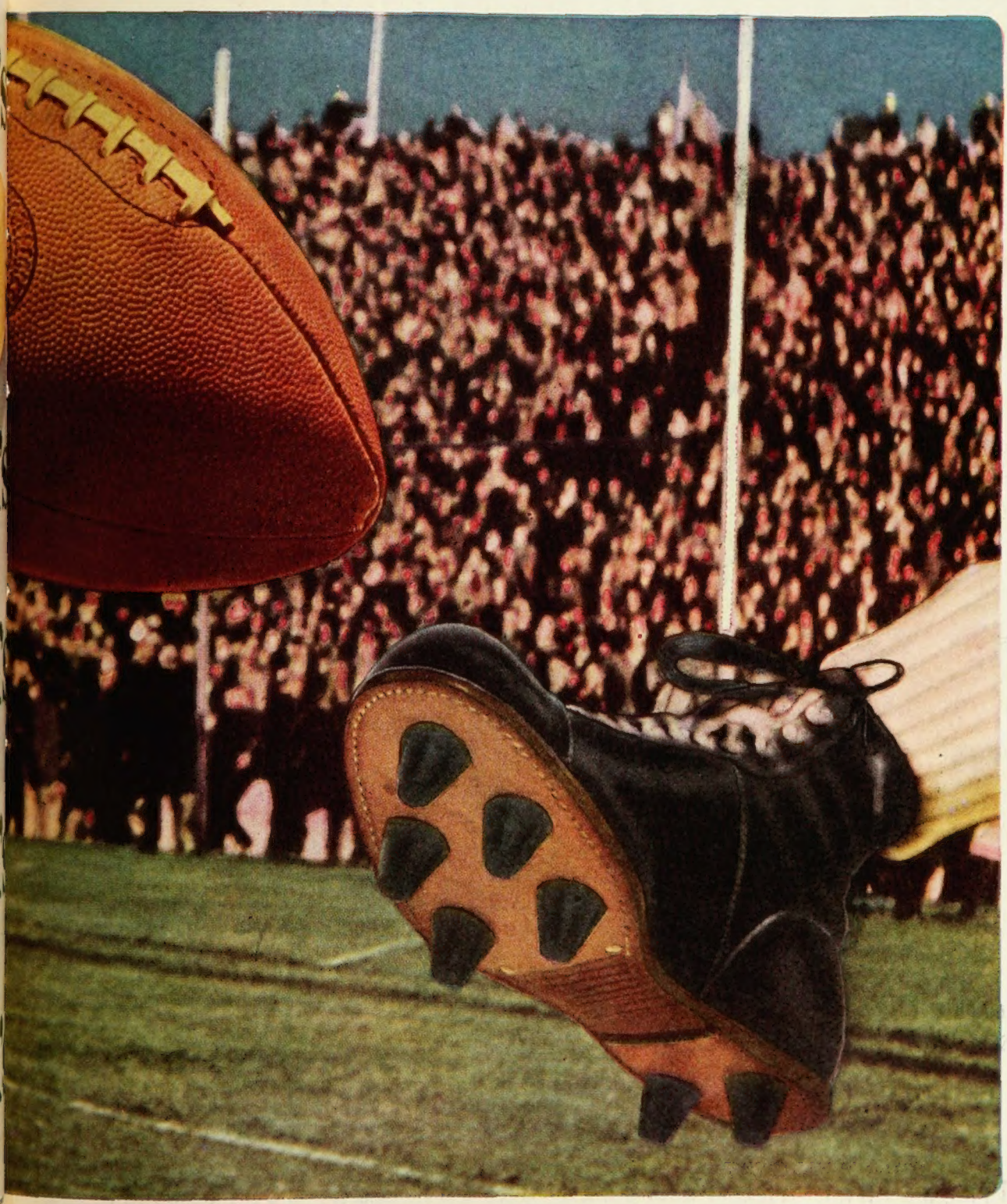

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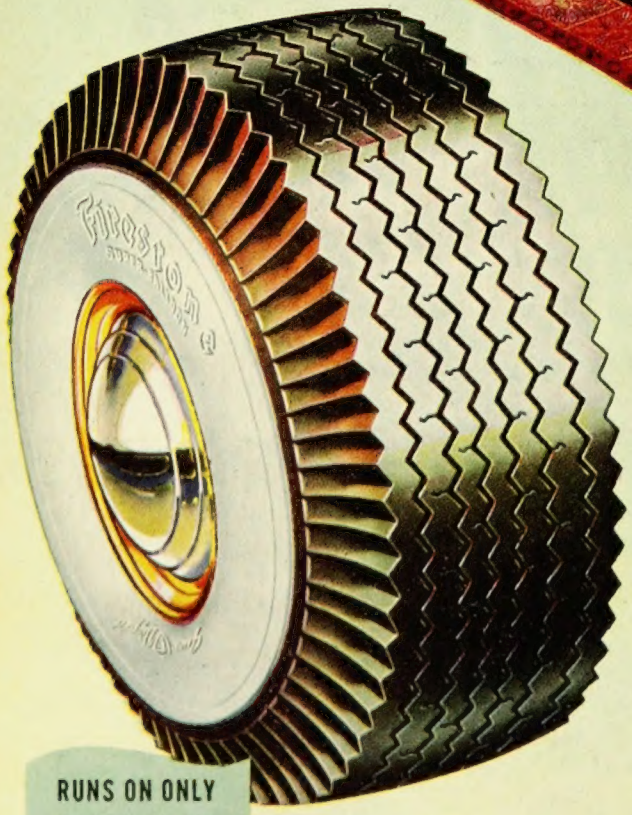

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THE TIRES THAT ARE FEATURED ON THE NEW MODEL CARS

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It happens to the nicest of Guys

ORDINARILY he was No. 1 on the hit parade as far as girls were concerned. But tonight he was getting the polite but cold shoulder over and over again. Something was wrong and he knew it...but he didn't know *what*.* It can happen to the nicest of guys.

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is that you, yourself, seldom realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be absent one day and present the next. And when it *is* present it stamps you as an objectionable person to be avoided.

Don't Take Chances

Why run this risk? Why offend others when Listerine Antiseptic is a delightful *extra-careful* precaution against unpleasant breath when not of systemic origin?

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo!...your breath becomes fresher, cleaner, sweeter, less likely to offend...stays that way, too, for hours in most cases.

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Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

A Life Saved

CHICAGO, ILL.—In your March 3, 1945, issue you ran an article on heart surgery which was clipped from the magazine and sent to me by a friend. The content of that clipping was directly responsible for saving the life of my mother, who was suffering from angina pectoris. The most eminent heart specialists in Chicago had given her up as doomed and none furnished the one ray of hope that you so readily described in the article. As a result of your article she was able to undergo an operation by Dr. Samuel Thompson of New York, so that today, three years later, she is in very good shape.—*Melvin L. Henry.*

Man Driven Shane

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Recently I discovered a fourth dementia to Shane's puzzles: they are an aid in psychotherapy. I have an intelligent friend whose psychopathic nature has kept him incarcerated in various mental hospitals off and on for years. Otherwise he'd be one of our best-known geniuses. Among other things, he had a compulsive attitude toward cross-

word puzzles. He can't stand the sight of one without working it. A puzzle which would defeat any sane person, he does in five minutes flat.

Recently I gave him one of Shane's zany products. He struggled and screamed for hours and still hasn't been able to finish it. He is a changed man. It may even drive the guy sane. —*Harry Henderson.*

A Private Word

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In July, 1948, Liberty published an article entitled The Man with the Technicolor Voice.

We believe that you were unaware of the fact that "Technicolor" is an arbitrary coined word, the registered trade mark and trade name of Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation.

We are constantly engaged in an effort to prevent the word "Technicolor" from becoming generic or descriptive and hence passing into the public domain as have "shredded wheat," "aspirin" and "cellophane." —*Volney F. Morin, Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation.*

We are glad to have so interesting a piece of information to pass on to our readers, and to add this acknowledgment that in using the word "Technicolor" as we did we used a registered trade mark inadvertently. —VOX POP ED.

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Liberty WASHINGTON

by Stacy V. Jones

Last Frontier • If you're land-hungry, Alaska is probably your dish. There are only 90,000 people in an area twice the size of Texas.

The Department of the Interior, which keeps the territory under its wing, describes it as a land of opportunity, wealthy in minerals, fisheries, timber, and scenery, but couples this with a warning that it's real frontier. You won't find the community organization you're used to.

Good farm land is available and a veteran can homestead 160 acres by living on it as little as seven months. William E. Warne, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, recommends lower Kenai Peninsula, near the Seward end of the railroad, rather than the Matanuska Valley above Anchorage, where more of the choice tracts have been taken.

A prospective Alaska farmer should not try to select something by mail, site unseen.

Mining and trade also offer opportunities, and there are jobs for skilled labor on military and highway construction.

Before deciding you're a pioneer, look the place over. You can go by boat or plane from Seattle, or drive up the Alaska Highway through British Columbia. But you can't hitchhike home. Warne advises a man to have $1,000 in his pocket before he leaves the States, and twice that amount if he takes his family.

Write Bureau of Land Management, Washington 25, D. C., for its booklet on Alaska and folders on land settlement.

Red Primer • The House Committee on Un-American Activities, Washington 25, D. C., will send you on request a copy of 100 Things You Should Know About Communism in the U. S. A., a simple explanation in question-and-answer form of what the Party boys are after. Four other pamphlets, on Communism in religion, education, labor, and government, will also be forwarded to you as they are printed.

American Folk Songs • From its collection of 40,000 recorded American folk songs, the Library of Congress has made up 107 records, and offers them to you at varying prices, all under two dollars. They include samplings of Anglo-American ballads, chanteys, lyric songs, dance tunes, and spirituals; Afro-American ballads, dance tunes, and religious songs; Iroquois Indian songs; and a new group of coal-miner songs.

Don't expect Xavier Cugat or Duke Ellington. These are primitives, recorded in the field by folklore experts of the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian, and universities throughout the country.

The records may all be bought separately, or in albums. For a catalogue listing records, albums, and prices, send a dime to Recording Laboratory, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C., and ask for the booklet on Folk Music in the United States and Latin America. Libraries in large cities have the records, and you can listen to them before ordering.

Rabbits for Meat • All white meat, of a delicate flavor, is available for your table if you or the boy want to go in for rabbit-raising. The Department of Agriculture suggests a medium-type meaty variety such as the New Zealand white. For one thing, white skins are twice as valuable on the fur market as other kinds.

Write the Office of Information, Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C., for a free copy of Rabbit Production, the 60-page Farmers' Bulletin No. 1730. This should arrive in two or three weeks.

A buck and three does would start a good back-yard herd, and might cost $6 or $7 apiece. The total capital outlay may be $30.

Airmen's Mecca • You'll never get a small boy to end a Washington visit until he's been to the Smithsonian Institution to see the Spirit of St. Louis, in which Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

This fall the Smithsonian also receives the plane in which the Wright brothers made the first controlled human flight, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903.

Hung above other exhibits in the Arts and Industries Building, or crammed together in a temporary World War I structure, are 30 historic aircraft, from pre-Wright gliders to the first jet plane of World War II.

Without coming to Washington, you can get a brief history of aeronautics, written around the principal aviation items in the museum, by sending a quarter to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington 25, D. C., and specifying the Handbook of the National Aircraft Collection.

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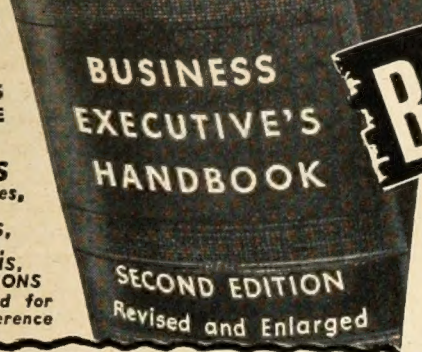

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WRITE BETTER LETTERS: Can you put your ideas across "on paper"? This section of the Handbook covers: a plan to improve letters; compiling a correspondence manual; letter-appraisal chart, tone and spirit of the letter; how to answer an inquiry; letters refusing requests; letters to revive inactive accounts; letters that build goodwill; how to answer complaints; legal aspects of business letters; mechanics of the letter; special forms of address; dictionary of correct usage.

HOW TO SELL BY DIRECT MAIL: What products can be sold? What are the steps in planning direct-mail selling? Here is expert guidance on: selecting lists; types of direct mail; self-question chart of direct advertising; testing; how to record results; how to get and build mailing lists; how to write sales letters.

HELPFUL FACTS ABOUT ADVERTISING: Facts for small advertisers; developing demand; how to work with an advertising agency; fixing the advertising appropriation; selecting the right media; testing your advertising; how to design and register a trade mark; copyright procedure; printing and typography.

MANAGING SALESMEN: If you are ever required to build and manage a sales force, turn to the Handbook for useful facts on: determining sales territories; sales quotas; recruiting and selecting salesmen; equipping, training and compensating salesmen.

SALES CONTRACTS AND FORMS: Essentials of a contract; when a sales contract must be in writing; forms of contracts for sale of merchandise; conditional sales contracts; lease agreements; miscellaneous clauses in sales contracts; contracts appointing agents for sale of merchandise; miscellaneous clauses in agency agreements; contracts employing salesmen; special provisions in salesmen's contracts.

HINTS ON BUYING MERCHANDISE: Buying the right thing; how to standardize specifications; buying the right amount at the right place, at the right time, at the right price; procedure for handling and analyzing bids; requisitions and purchase orders; receiving and inspecting incoming goods; checking invoices; inventory control.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OFFICE: Do the little details of office routine "throw" you? Here is a commonsense road-map to follow when you need help on: planning and maintaining the office for efficiency; equipment, files and appliances; making office procedure function smoothly; economies in the use and printing of forms; hiring and training new employees.

HOW TO CHECK CREDITS AND INCREASE COLLECTIONS: Sources of credit information; Dun & Bradstreet reports; special agency reports; credit interchange; salesmen, attorneys and banks as credit reporters; law relating to checks, notes, drafts or bills of exchange; how to write letters granting or refusing credit; how to write collection letters; collection reminders; form collection letters.

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DIRECTORS, OFFICERS, STOCKHOLDERS: Law relating to directors; removal of director with or without cause; liability of director for acts beyond corporate powers; law relating to officers; liability of an officer for mismanagement; rights, liabilities of stockholders.

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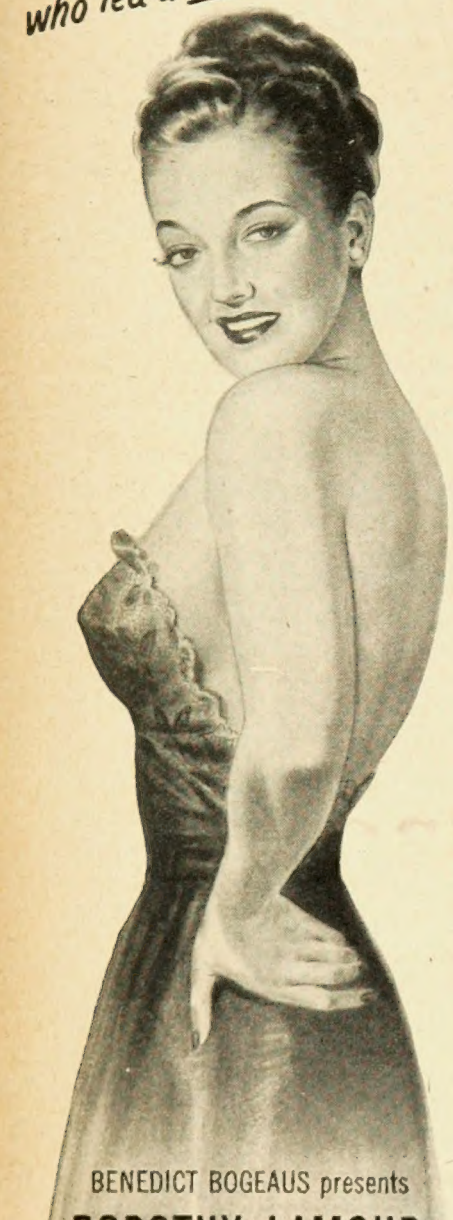

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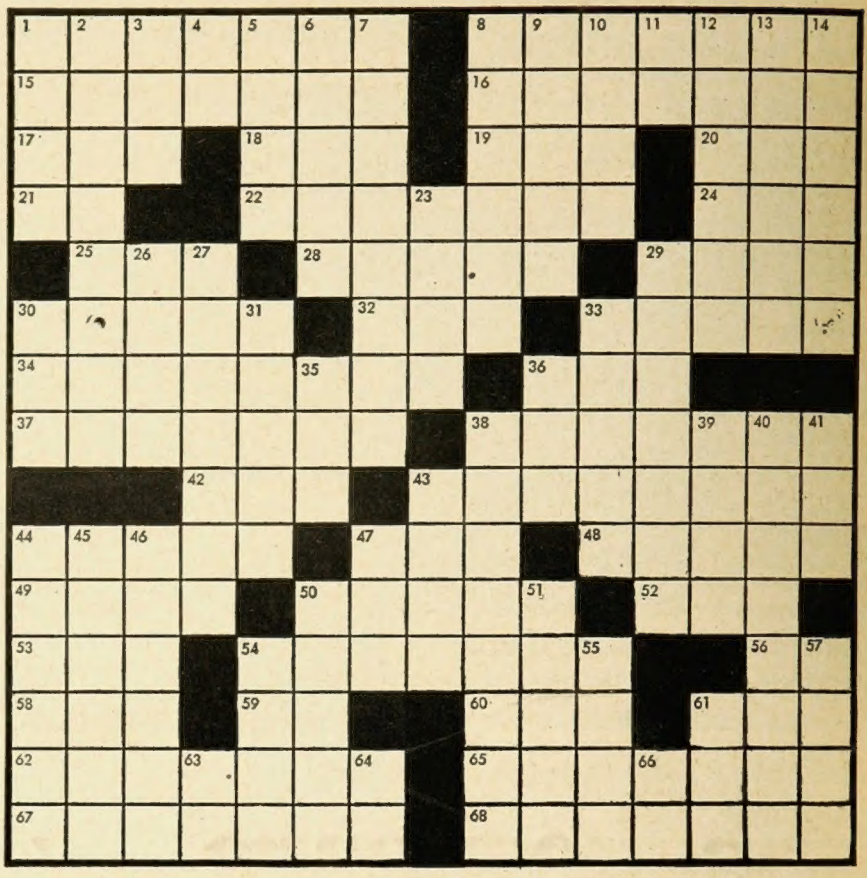
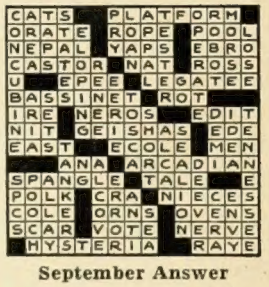
Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 His older brother fought for the peace to end war. He's fighting for the war to end peace
8 People with aesthete's foot chasing each other around in their underwear to music
15 Takes on more gas during a rhetorical election flight
16 It's filled with unillumi-nating gas
17 Life's nothing but a picnic to him
18 0002 .sbl
19 Pebble that made the grade
20 For Shane!
21 This turned her into a smellivision (abbr.)
22 They serve draughtees (or are we twisted?)
24 Cal.'s rival
25 'Bo
28 Ham it up
29 Plumber's favorite vegetable
30 Here's a cue: It causes kissing around poolrooms
32 Crapshootin' dame from Decatur
33 Cleaning fluids
34 What the glint in blonde hair does to a wedding ring
36 What every bald eagle wants
37 The left
38 They go with Pantsylvanias and Vest Virginias
42 Where lots of mix-ups occur
43 This is the average husband's ¼s
44 No. 1 on the Sunday Hit Parade
47 Wrestle politely
48 They deal in cold cuts
49 Skinny's girl friend
50 The Tamale Twitch
52 Nun but the holy deserve this abbr.
53 What the nervous quiz kids had in their pans.
54 This is now done on a higher plane
56 Aw, shaddap!
58 The time to Do It!
59 Pretty gal urging you to come Buy-buy!
60 Gab water
61 It looks like H--- to the Greeks
62 Iron Curtain Manufacturing Co.
65 After Nov. 2 the Forgotten Man
67 It's found in cans, buses, and subways
68 He sees I to I with himself



September Answer

VERTICAL

1 The life of the olive is this
2 Visit the city of the Great Divide and alter an altared habit
3 Where the poops hang out on the Queen Mary
4 Adolph Manchu's brother
5 Xes
6 Snatch the apple o' the old man's eye and dash for the next room
7 Government figure, usually about ten billion off
8 City down under
9 Spur (sharp, isn't it?)
10 Exits skipping
11 Draftee diaperer (abbr.)
12 How everybody in Paris feels in the morning
13 Milady's glamor manufactory
14 Plays footie silently
23 Slow mill operators
26 Glorified scratchings, screeches, etc.
27 The big ape!
29 Islands of water, or big dumb lakes
30 Its promise never lives up to its delivery
31 Address of any dept. store
33 The Hindu who does, finds
35 It's born in a lion-in hospital
36 Schmoe with a mot
38 Answers to catnips (found in seats of unwelcome suitors' pants)
39 Tsep ohw stup eht etib no ouy ta eht kcart
40 Kind of clothes people who burn up easily should wear
41 Stalin Ends Soviet! (abbr.)
43 She thinks a hypotenuse is the biggest animal in a zoo
44 Wooden election promises
45 Her husband señors something terribilio
46 Reply to the Y
47 Busy signal at the factory
50 Quite a chiseler, and what a Thinker he turned out!
51 Unction extremely
54 Sarongia Isle
55 The reason Ireland is so windy
57 When someone ran off with his doe, it broke his this
61 This tie is all knotted up
63 Two-legged germ killer (abbr.)
64 A terrific blow is due this winter from here (abbr.)
66 Cockeyed's Finished! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

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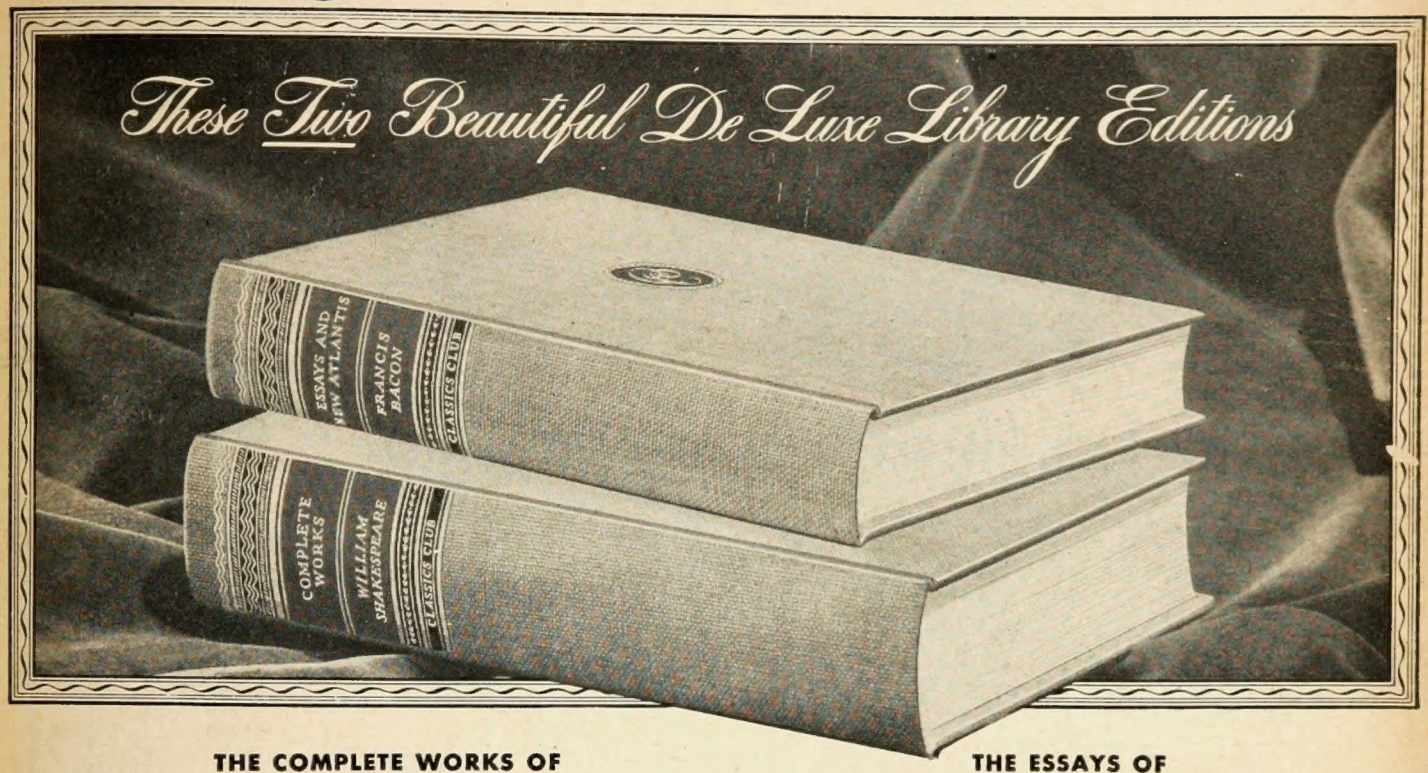

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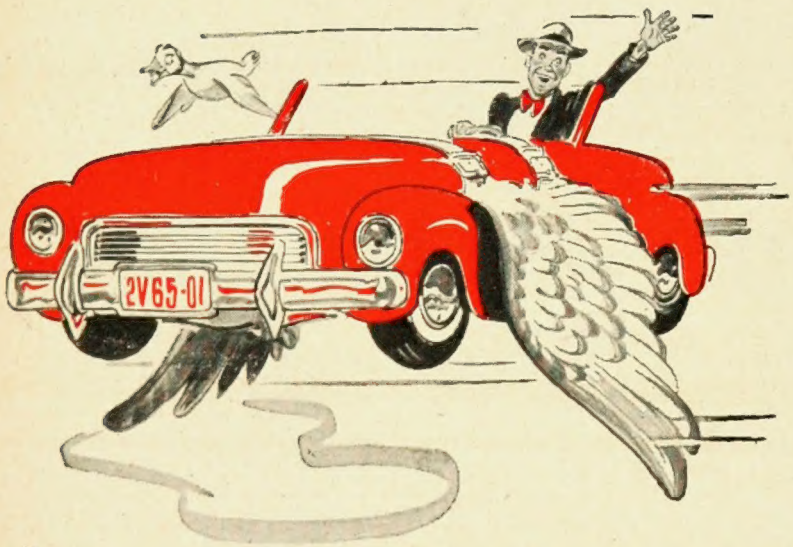

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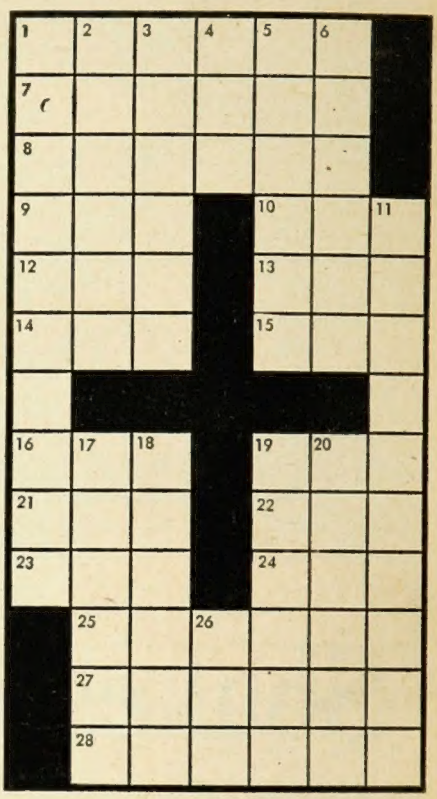
An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

by Ted Shane



ACROSS

1 Creditors **bidest** their liquidation
7 Visigoth king becomes **Clara I**
8 What should Archibald and Percival do to themselves?
9 Name Der Fooyer's girl friend
10 What famous last word–
12 –anagrams what beastly one?
13 Drunk and disorderly, according to the Scotch
14 Victoria Eugenie was also known as Princess what of Battenberg?
15 A sirocco might blow from what direction? (abbr.)
16 **"Hic!** 'tis I!" cried der getrunken Hun
19 What's slang for racehorses? (abbr.)
21 What game might be called five-card whist?
22 Ten fifty
23 Result of totting up
24 Roman earth goddess to whom battle arms were dedicated
25 What's the common name for a burleque theater?
27 **Tan age**, kin on dad's side
28 **Dearer** than life to the editor

DOWN

1 **Ads** say they **deliver** thrills
2 What Arabic number is also a Roman numeral and Greek letter?
3 Source of triple-A slipper skin
4 What man's name means Watchful?
5 **Remits** for watches
6 Squalls make no **sense** in c of matrimony
11 The **layer** in **reeds** for Fenimore Cooper; i.e., an Injunious fellow
17 Cat nipped a bit of our **courage** off
18 What they called kickback in the Middle Ages
19 Land east of Jordan, famed for being unbalmed
20 Heraldic subordinate teardrop representation–Aw, **get out!**
26 **An I** makes a woman out of the Czar

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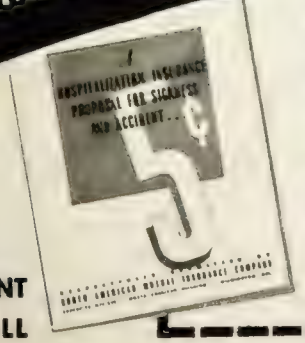

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Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

OCTOBER CONTENTS

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Cover photo by George Hurrell;
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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Alan W. Richards photo

■ Liberty is proud indeed to offer its readers an exclusive interview with Albert Einstein (page 22), the man Nicholas Murray Butler once called "the ruling monarch of the mind, a man who has given the world an intellectual lighthouse." We asked the author of this interview, the distinguished international journalist, Bela Kornitzer (pictured with his famous subject in the photo), to give us a little background on the mood of this interview. Mr. Kornitzer writes: "There was peace in the little garden where we were talking. Suddenly a radio broadcast broke the silence with a harsh political speech. Mindful of the rumor that Einstein was endorsing one of the candidates, I asked him how he felt about this. 'I have no political candidate,' Professor Einstein replied."

■ In these harrowing times we were glad to see a new motion picture explaining the oft misunderstood philosophy of West Point. It is Paramount's Beyond Glory, produced with the co-operation of West Point authorities, and worth any patriotic American's time and money.

■ The November Liberty, on sale about October 20, will be especially notable for an article by Rupert Hughes which attacks the legend that Thomas Dewey, the Republican candidate for President, is a cold fish. You won't want to miss the new Liberty section, *Pastime*, dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. Hope to have you all with us again next month.—*D. B.*

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FRAME-UP

Beginning a powerful story of intolerable suspense – starting when a pretty girl stops a man driving along a lonely western highway reading time 24 minutes

A New Serial by Samuel W. Taylor

■ My name is J. P. Clifford. I am dictating this statement to a pretty blonde G-girl, to explain the kidnaping of Scootie Roberts. . . . Well, all right, Miss Hinch, you are *not* a G-girl but a steno for the F.B.I. Now.

Scootie Roberts was snatched Sunday night. I work for the Standard Evaporated Milk Company, and Wednesday I was making my route to Lovelock. Miles ahead there was a little hump beside the road. Then it became a human figure. Then a girl.

The girl was sitting on an up-ended suitcase in the absolute middle of nowhere.

"Want a ride?"

■ There was no conversation for twenty miles. We had passed no town, no service station, no house, no shack. I remembered there had been a yellow coupé several miles ahead on the road as I approached the girl. Had that been her last ride?

The girl had picked up the morning paper from the seat. She said, "That's one thing I can't understand. This kidnaping. How can people do such things?"

"A hundred thousand bucks. Velvet. No income tax."

"But it's so inhuman. A child. A mere baby. What has Scootie Roberts done to deserve this?"

I said, "What did a hundred men do to deserve death

because Bloody Roberts was out bucking for a star?"

"What do you mean?"

"The ex-Colonel Roberts who is father of the child."

"There was mention of that in the ransom note. But that was so long ago. Back in November of '44."

"Those men are still dead, aren't they? The weather was a toss-up when the mission went out. It suddenly got impossible, and the bombers turned back. Roberts sent them out again. Eleven bombers didn't come back."

"Yes; I heard about that," she said. "I was in the Red Cross in London. But so many things happen in war."

"Sure; it's nothing in war. It rated one paragraph in Stars & Stripes. Colonel Roberts was bucking for promotion. So eleven bombers and eleven crews were sacrificed."

"You sound bitter."

"My brother Gene was on one of those planes."

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry."

"And now Roberts' kid has been kidnaped by somebody who hasn't forgotten. Sure, I'm sorry for the kid. But not for Roberts. Why didn't he wait until he had the kid back, before demanding action from the F.B.I.?"

"He did pay the hundred thousand, in ten-dollar bills."

"Sure, and then gave out the serial numbers. They're in that paper. He might have realized he was up against some smart monkeys, the way the pay-off was arranged —the money delivered by a plane which received radio directions after it was air-borne, a changing course, then orders to drop it in broken country. But why do we have to talk about Roberts? Where were you in London?"

"Washington Club."

We talked about the ETO, and I learned her name was Lila Bowman. I told her mine was J. P. Clifford, that people called me Cliff, and, as smoothly as I could, I let her understand I was single. When we got to Lovelock, which was soon after dark, there was a Pioneer Day celebration in progress. I said, "The Hiram Motel is clean and reasonable."

However, the Hiram Motel was full, except for the cabin I had on permanent reservation twice a month. The owner, Silvers, considered the problem. "I tell you," he said. "Mr. Clifford's cabin, number eleven, has two beds."

"No, thank you," Lila Bowman said firmly.

"Really two rooms," Silvers persisted. "Often in the busy season Mr. Clifford lets somebody use the other room. It will save you both a dollar."

Lila sighed. "Let's see this number eleven deal."

There was a paperboard partition in the cabin. The opening in the partition intersected the bathroom.

We went to register. Silvers said, "Just for the record put it Mr. and Mrs." *(Continued on page 55)*

MARTIN GULSER

Touch and learn

by Albert Edward Wiggam

The amazing story of how, by actually feeling written words, many so-called feeble-minded youngsters become intellectual giants

reading time 12 minutes

When Donald first walked into the psychological laboratory of the University of California at Los Angeles, I thought I had never seen a finer-looking 17-year-old lad. Donald, however, couldn't even read or write his own name, yet he had been in school 11 years! "Feeble-minded" is what parents and teachers have always called such boys as Donald.

Just then a quiet little woman came into the room and gave the boy some intelligence tests that did not require him to read. Soon she said to me, "Donald has a fine mind."

Then, turning to Donald, she said, "We have a way of teaching you to read just like other boys. What are you most interested in?"

"Oh," said Donald, "I am interested in Secret Service."

"Well," said the lady, "let's write a story about Secret Service. We can do that all right."

I shall never forget the look on Donald's face—hope, doubt, wish to believe, like one who has seen a vision yet fears to believe his eyes.

The woman took a large sheet of paper and, with a piece of crayola, wrote in script letters two inches high the word "interested." "Now, Donald," she said, "take your first two fingers and run them over the letters. As you do so, say to yourself or out loud, *'in-ter-est-ed.'* "

The boy traced the word, first slowly, then more rapidly, some twenty times. Something was happening inside him. Psychologists don't know yet just what it was, but somehow he was gaining a *feeling of the word* he had never felt for any word before. He was also gaining a new feeling of success, achievement, confidence in himself.

Next the lady put the paper *out of sight* and said, "That's fine. Now take this pencil and write 'interested.' " At first he wrote something like "int-r-d." "Fine! Fine!" the lady exclaimed. She then gave him the paper and had him trace the word a few more times. Again she put the paper *out of sight*, and Donald wrote "in-teres-d."

Once more the paper was placed before him for a few more tracings and then *taken away*. At the end of about five minutes the boy wrote "interested" perfectly. Next he wrote "Secret" and "Service" the same way. Each took perhaps 20 tracings. Then he learned "am" and "in" with only three tracings. The only word he could write without tracing was "I."

At the end of three hours Donald wrote and *read* the

words when written on a typewriter: "I am interested in Secret Service." That was more than this bright, normal boy had learned in school in 11 years!

This was on the morning of October 1, 1928. By October 10 Donald had learned to write 170 new words and to recognize 140 of them when he saw them in type. By Christmas he was reading the funnies. In January he was reading from magazines and books.

The woman who literally made a new boy of Donald is Dr. Grace M. Fernald. And one could go on with hundreds of stories similar to that of Donald. For some unknown reason, about 98 per cent of extreme zero readers, like him, have been boys. As to how many there are of these extreme cases, no one knows. There must surely be thousands of them, because in 1936 a short article of mine about Miss Fernald's work with word-blind children brought more than 25,000 letters from nearly every country on the globe. Most of them told of children and adults, mostly males, who seemed completely normal except that they could not read.

In addition to the extreme cases, Dr. Fernald and her associates have made hundreds of boys and girls into fine readers, writers, and spellers, boys and girls who could never have gotten beyond the first and second grades by any of the standard methods of instruction.

■ It cannot be repeated too strongly that Dr. Fernald *has never failed in a single case* to make either a normal child or normal adult into a first-rate reader. She also makes them practically perfect spellers. She succeeds just as well with word-blind and partially word-blind adults as with children. One man at the clinic was 38 years old. He owned a refrigeration establishment. As a boy he had had special tutors, but could read only a few words by spelling them a letter at a time. When he found he could be taught to read, he arranged for an extended "vacation" so he could study at the clinic. He now reads all the time "to make up for the years I have lost."

After thirty-one years, Dr. Fernald has recently given both to educators and the public the first adequate account of her work. This presentation is contained in her new book entitled Remedial Techniques in Basic School Subjects. The title may sound technical, but her methods are so simple that one 16-year-old Boy Scout, after only a half hour's instruction by Dr. Fernald and two or three later brief talks, taught his 11-year-old boy friend, who could not read his own name, to read well enough so that he covered three grades—three school years—in three months. This boy was known as the worst boy in a large school. He soon became known as the best boy.

One boy, with a superior I.Q., covered seven grades (seven years of school) in ten months. An 11-year-old boy with a 107 I.Q., who learned only five words in five years at school, learned 234 words in five weeks.

Among the recent cases, since her book was published, of zero or near-zero readers who have been made into excellent readers and practically perfect spellers are a 26-year-old man (absolute zero); a 28-year-old woman from New York who came and learned the method and then *taught herself* to read; a 10-year-old boy with an I.Q. of 155 (absolute zero); ten other boys, with I.Q.s from 130 to 140, unable to pass any sort of reading test. Numerous other near-zero readers with I.Q.s from 100 to 130—all males but two. Progress from zero reading through five grades in ten months (one school year each two months) is commonplace.

You ask how Dr. Fernald discovered these methods? Well, one afternoon in 1916 an 11-year-old boy, Lester, came into her office and handed her a card from one of the Los Angeles school supervisors. It read, "Please give this boy an intelligence test so we can certify him to be sent to the School for Feeble Minded."

On discovering he could not read, Miss Fernald gave him some non-verbal tests and wrote across the card, "Normal." In an hour the boy was back with the same card on which the teacher had written, "If you think this boy is normal, just try to teach him something."

"That put us on our mettle," Dr. Fernald said. "For three months my associates and I tried every known method to teach the boy to read. We couldn't teach him to read a single word, even his own name.

"One day, however, I was showing him some cards with words printed in large letters. When I showed him one with the word 'land' on it, he suddenly exclaimed, 'That's "*land*"!' I thought he had guessed at it. By and by I showed him the same card again. Once more he said, 'That's "land." ' I said, 'Lester, how do you know that is "land"?' He said, 'I don't know *(Continued on page 60)*

The candidates speak

reading time 8 minutes

Thomas E. Dewey: Republican

■ Our No. 1 problem in America is world peace. First, we must build up our military strength to the point where no nation on earth will dare to attack us. Most especially, we must build up our Air Force into the mightiest striking power in the world. Let me make it clear that we must do this for peace, not war. Second, we need a first-rate Intelligence service so that we can be informed about what is going on in the world. Third, we should start, and start now, to combat the evil propaganda of Communism. Fourth, we must use our great European Recovery Program to encourage the development of a United States of Europe. The policies of our country today are dominated by dozens of military men who by instinct and training think only in terms of war. If we are to continue leaving the affairs of our country in the hands of military men, we shall virtually confess that we cannot solve the problems of world peace by peaceful means.

The most important single measure to meet the danger

Harry S. Truman: Democratic

■ There are three things necessary for peace in the world. The first is to have the United Nations work as the United Nations Charter intends it to work, and that is what we have been working for ever since that Charter was agreed to. The next most important thing is the success of the European Recovery Program. The third most important thing is that we have the strength to maintain peace. Universal military training is the only feasible means by which the civilian components of our armed forces can be built up to the strength required if we are to be prepared for emergencies.

We must deal effectively and at once with the high cost of living. In November, 1947, when the special session was called, I set out a ten-point program which I asked the Congress to give me to meet the situation with which we are faced in regard to prices and commodities. I got nothing.

We must extend unemployment compensation, old-age benefits, and survivors' benefits to millions who are not now

Henry A. Wallace: Progressive

■ These are the highlights of what I consider to be a realistic basis for transforming the cold war into a warm and lasting peace: (1) General reduction of armaments and outlawing all methods of mass destruction; (2) stopping the export of weapons by any nation to any other nation; (3) resumption of unrestricted trade, except for goods related to war, between the USA and USSR; (4) free movement of citizens, students, and newspapermen between and within the two countries; (5) resumption of free exchange of scientific information and scientific material between the two countries; and (6) re-establishment of a reinvigorated UNRRA or the constitution of some other United Nations agency for the distribution of international relief. Also, neither the United States nor the Soviet Union should interfere in the internal affairs of other nations, nor maintain military bases in other countries.

The way to curb inflation is to reinstate price controls for the purpose of rolling back the prices of food, clothing, and

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Liberty has put a gimlet eye on the public statements and speeches of the Presidential candidates. Here's how they stand on the vital issues

of inflation is to cut down on every avoidable dollar of spending by government. Next in importance is that we maintain a substantial surplus of national revenues which can be employed to retire outstanding national debt. That, too, requires lower general costs of government. A third step is the reduction of taxes. We must furnish the finances of the future out of the savings achieved by better management. Above all, in all that we do and whatever measures we take, we must keep firmly fixed in our minds that our purpose is to control inflation and not to bring on deflation. Depressions, I firmly believe, need not be inevitable.

I have consistently adhered to the fundamental policy that local responsibility and local participation are the very keystones of an effective program of health services, education, and welfare services. Any surrender of this responsibility to a centralized government, be it federal or state, tends to dissipate the effectiveness of such programs and weakens the benefits which persons derive from them.

Next to the problem of war and peace itself, there is no more urgent matter before the next national administration than the formulation of a dynamic, long-term farm and food program. An important job of the next Congress will be to modernize our present parity formulas to provide a true measure between farm prices and farm costs. I also believe very strongly in soundly managed farm co-operatives. I believe that business and labor should be free and independent; that neither should be used as pawns in any political chess game.

Our water developments are of such size and scope that they are by their very nature public works. But they should supplement and support, rather than seek to supplant, the private enterprise on which we can confidently rely to carry us into a new expansive era of progress and well-being. I propose an aggressive and continued orderly program for developing all our major water resources for the benefit of the nation. ■■

protected. We should also raise the level of benefits. I have often and strongly urged a national health program. The heart of this program must be a national system of payment for medical care based on well-tried insurance principles.

It is deplorable that in a nation as rich as ours there are millions of children who do not have adequate schoolhouses or enough teachers for a good elementary or secondary education. The federal government has a responsibility for providing financial aid to meet this crisis.

I believe that the federal government has a definite part to play in building for lasting agricultural prosperity and in assisting farm areas to obtain better living standards.

Many provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act have the effect of changing employers and workers from members of the same team to opponents on contending teams. We seek a formula which will treat all men fairly and justly, and which will give our people security and the necessities of life. At least fifty billion dollars should be invested by industry to improve and to expand our productive facilities over the next few years. We must strengthen our legislation to protect competition. Utility companies must not be allowed to block publicly owned transmission lines which would bring public power to the people at low cost.

Until inflation has been stopped, there should be no cut in taxes that is not offset by additions at another point in our tax structure. When the present danger of inflation has passed, we should consider tax reduction based upon a revision of our entire tax structure.

We must continue to have a special interest in the welfare of our veterans. One of our first goals is to secure fully the essential human rights of our citizens. Any denial of human rights is a denial of the basic beliefs of democracy and of our regard for the worth of each individual. We must consider our obligation to assure the fullest possible measure of civil rights to all our people. ■■

other key consumer-goods items, and to roll back the prices of steel, petroleum, and other key industrial materials.

I favor a housing program to build 4,000,000 homes and apartments in the next two years for homeless and doubled-up veterans, working people, and new families, and to replace the most ramshackle urban and rural shacks in which people are now living. We must have a continuing program of housing to produce 29,000,000 homes in urban and rural areas in the next 12 years.

We propose that social security coverage should be available to every person in the United States. Upon the basis of a minimum wage of one dollar an hour, a sound minimum benefit structure for the social security system would be not less than $35 a week.

Through federal aid to poorer communities for the development of locally controlled educational programs, we should equalize and extend educational opportunities throughout the land.

The Progressive Party advocates a broad-range twelve-point program for agriculture, covering the economic, social, and cultural advancement of this vital element of our population.

A primary objective of all the people must be the repeal of the vicious Taft-Hartley Act.

The government should properly operate those projects and enterprises which are made possible by government-owned resources, government research, and government investment.

I propose the establishment of a Women's Fair Employment Practices Commission.

Jim Crowism has got to go. We must pin the label "subversive" where it properly belongs. We must pin it on those who breed prejudice and defend segregation. ■■

[Editor's note: These are excerpts from the speeches and public statements of the candidates as compiled by Robert S. Allen, noted author and Washington correspondent.]

WILD STREAK

by Norma Mansfield

An epic tale of love forged with stolen kisses, love that asked no questions

reading time 19 minutes

■ My father had a second cousin, younger by some years than he, who came to visit us on our wheat ranch one autumn. He was from Boston and I can recall how elegant his manners seemed to me. He always rose when Leah, my stepmother, came into a room, and held her chair for her at table, and let her go before him through a door; small niceties which had belonged, too, to my father's training, before he had deserted Boston to come west. Here, in this vast and rugged country, such politeness might have made Laird ridiculous, except that he did everything with such assurance and good nature. Too, he was as friendly as a spaniel pup to our rough neighbors. Too friendly to their daughters, father thought.

I can recall the night we all went to the schoolhouse for a basket social. Laird had a high time hugging the girls he danced with and whispering with them in corners, and father spoke to my stepmother when the chance arose.

MARTIN GULSER

"The boy's engaged to Dora Webber back there in Boston," father said, concerned. "He has no business making merry in this way out here. I feel responsible."

My stepmother, a small slim person with great tenderness for all mankind, explained the matter.

"He has been held too close at home," she told my father, "and now he has been given a year to spend exactly as he likes. It doesn't trouble me," she added, "that he hugs the girls, but I could wish for certain he loves Dora, or, for that matter, that he trusted love at all. Or trusted anything, to give himself to it completely."

My stepmother held my small brother, David, sleeping in her arms, and I recall her anxious glances each time I yawned, for while I was a Blackfoot chieftain in my soul—in spite of freckles on my nose and two brown pigtails hanging on my shoulders—I grew as sleepy as a paleface every night. Laird did not yawn. He looked up at the stars, smiling. I know now our raw country answered some deep need within the man. My hope was he would stay with us, at least until our schoolteacher returned from Portland, where she had been called to nurse her father.

"There's someone up ahead," my father told us, and our white mare slowed cautiously. I sat up straight and looked beyond him through the falling snow.

"It's Millie Blake," I said, and so it was.

Millie had not come to the social that evening. She'd stayed at home because her uncle was ill.

"His fever's rising," she said now to father. Her horse was breathing hard, great wreaths of steam rising from his flanks. Atop him Millie sat, a bright red stocking cap aslant upon her curly head, the cropped defiance of her dark hair paralleled by the mocking disdain of her glance. She was the prettiest girl in seven counties, and she knew it, and made life miser- *(Continued on page 52*

reading time 8 minutes

Einstein answers 26

[Editor's Note: Bela Kornitzer, political journalist, parliamentary reporter, and former chief in the Hungarian Ministry of Public Supply, has interviewed most of Europe's leading political and public figures, including Pope Pius XII.]

Question 1: I read somewhere that in your childhood your father presented you with a compass. According to the biographer, you saw it not as a toy but as a miracle. He came to the conclusion that it awakened your first interest toward the mystery of nature. Is there any evidence for this supposition?

Answer: The story of the compass is true.

Question 2: Were you a child prodigy?

Answer: No. I was slow-minded.

Question 3: In your childhood did you play the customary childish pranks? Were you a noisy, aggressive child or quiet and modest? What was the greatest experience in your early childhood, and was your childhood a happy one?

Answer: I was lonesome and a dreamer. I did not easily find companions.

Question 4: Is there any truth in the story that when you were in grammar school your teacher showed a big nail to the class and said, "This is one of the nails with which Jesus was crucified"?

Answer: A true story.

Question 5: Did your father have any interest in or understanding of physics, or was there anyone in the Einstein family noted for scientific effort?

Answer: No. Modest environments, without possibilities for development.

Question 6: Try to give me a picture of your father, his character and personality.

Answer: Good humor, patience, goodness, and charm.

Question 7: Did your father exercise his influence on the choice of a profession for you? Did someone in your family inspire you to choose science?

Answer: The moral influence was much more important than the intellectual influence. No.

Question 8: Who was the head of the house in your family, your father or your mother?

Answer: Cannot be answered.

Question 9: Was there ever any suggestion in your early life that, for financial reasons, you forgo your ambition to become a scientist and choose a profession immediately profitable?

Answer: It was not a question of ambition, but an objective, an interest. I was supposed to choose a practical profession, but this was simply unbearable to me.

Question 10: Did you ever meet Kaiser Wilhelm? In this connection, would you kindly say a few words about the outstanding public figures you have met such as Poincaré, Aristide Briand, the King of Belgium, Rabindranath Tagore, the Empress of Japan, et cetera? Did you ever meet Gandhi? Could you say something about President Roosevelt and your visit in the White House?

Answer: I had always an admiration for Poincaré [the physicist and mathematician], but we never met personally. My relationship to the other personalities was superficial. I did not know Kaiser Wilhelm personally.

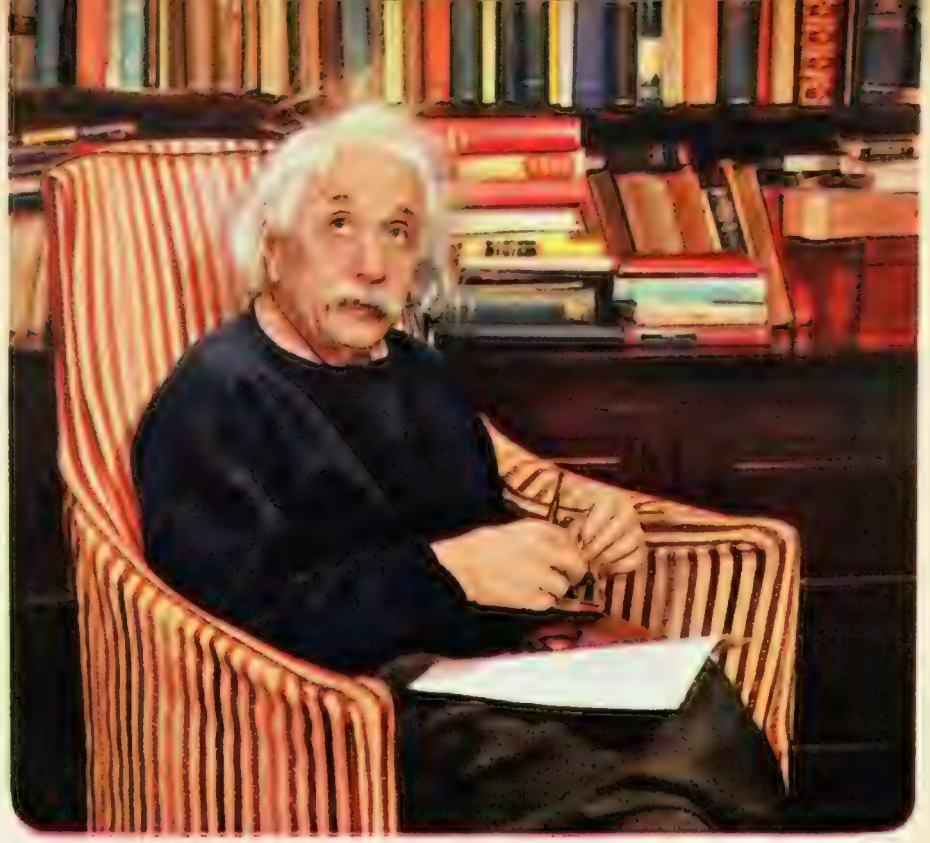
Question 11: When did you first experience an interest in music, notably the violin? Is your love of music *l'art pour l'art,* or is it only for amusement and relaxation? Are you allergic to noise? For instance, do you care for chewing gum, or does it make you nervous? (As a European, I must ask this silly-sounding question.)

Answer: My relation to music: an inner necessity. No. I am not nervous at all.

Question 12: Do you have dreams? If so, do you recall them when you are

Does Dr. Einstein believe that possession of the atom bomb will preserve peace? How would he settle the Palestine problem? The great scientist answers these and other questions in one of his rare interviews

by Bela Kornitzer



OZZIE SWEET

Questions

awake? What is the subject of them generally?

Answer: Nothing of importance.

QUESTION 13: What daily paper do you usually read? Do you have a favorite columnist?

Answer: No answer.

QUESTION 14: Were you ever a soldier, or have you ever worn a military uniform?

Answer: No.

QUESTION 15: Do you believe that the prevailing fear of war could be changed by a spirit of pacifism? Can we, in your opinion, achieve peace by means of propaganda only?

Answer: Cannot be answered.

QUESTION 16: Do you think that possession of the atomic bomb is sufficient in itself to preserve world peace?

Answer: No.

QUESTION 17: What was your feeling about the bombing of Hiroshima? Did the destruction wrought by the atomic bomb justify your assumptions entirely? Do you believe it is possible to preserve the secret of the atomic bomb indefinitely?

Answer: Horror. There is no real secret.

QUESTION 18: What is your opinion about Palestine? Do you think partition is a solution? What would be your plan?

Answer: Co-operation with Arabs.

QUESTION 19: There are many jokes circulating about relativity. Which ones do you consider the most amusing?

Answer: Those which are based on the confusion of the names Einstein and Steinach. It goes like this: "Frau von Pollak, have you already heard something about Einstein and his theory?" "Oh, yes, yes. That's the one with his relativity gland."

QUESTION 20: Is it true, and does the remark stem from you, that only twelve people in the world understand relativity?

Answer: Pure nonsense.

QUESTION 21: What do you consider the greatest achievement in your scientific career?

Answer: Theory of gravitations based on the principle of relativity.

QUESTION 22: When did you make the following remark: "Now that my theory of relativity has been proved true, Germany will claim me as a German and France will claim me as a citizen of the world. Had the theory proved false, France would have said I was a German and Germany would have declared that I am a Jew."

Answer: Around 1919, in the article in the London Times. But the quotation is not quite correct. The alternatives: He was a German scientist—a Swiss Jew.

QUESTION 23: I suppose that various business men with ingenious schemes have tried to take advantage of your fame. Could you tell me the most curious offer you received?

Answer: Forgotten and not worth while to be remembered.

QUESTION 24: Do you know in detail the scientific research in which your son is engaged? What is your opinion of it?

Answer: I know his work and appreciate it highly.

QUESTION 25: Did you ever interfere with your son or propose a career for him?

Answer: No.

QUESTION 26: I would like to know if the officials of Riverside Church in New York City discussed with you their plan to place your statue on the portico of the church? Have you seen your statue in the church?

Answer: I don't remember it. Yes. ■■

ERIKA WEIHS

BACK IN TOWN

by Frederick Nebel

Is it easier to run away from disgrace than face your problem squarely? Ask Harry. He tried both ways

reading time 9 minutes

■ Harry Barr's insides began to tighten as the bus neared town. He knew where it would make its regular stop—in front of Sully's Drugstore. He could see the long green bench under the awning. People he had known all his life would be sitting on the bench, and he'd get off there, his eyelids narrowed, his eyes seeing at once nothing and everything. He'd walk up Main Street past the stores, past the people hanging out in front of them. He'd see old MacDonald sitting in front of the haberdashery. But he wouldn't look at MacDonald, or speak to him.

Already, knowing the town was so near, beyond the next turn, Harry's heart began to pound. He rose and said, "Let me off at the turn, will you?"

He stood in the summer dust of the road's shoulder and watched the bus disappear round the turn. Fifty feet up the road he found the path and entered the woods. It was the long way—two miles longer—but he would not have to run the gantlet of the townspeople.

When he reached the edge of the woods that bordered his folks' place, he wished he had ridden into the town, walked up Main Street. He knew with burning clarity that something fine and resolute had been almost within his grasp and he had let it go.

His father stood in the chicken-house doorway. Harry stopped and nodded toward the garden.

"Sure looks nice, pa."

His father gazed at the garden for almost a minute. Then he came over to where Harry stood and they both gazed at the garden. His father put his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"Boy," he said slowly. "Boy."

He kept patting Harry's shoulder in a fond, almost absent-minded way. His mouth, under its gray untidy mustache, was quirking. Then all at once it was still; and his hand, after one long squeeze, was still too.

"Go see your ma, Harry. She's on the front porch." The old man peered toward the woods. "She was looking for you to come by the street."

As his father turned toward the chicken house Harry thought he saw a shadow of concern cross his face. Harry moved along the side of the house to the front porch.

His mother stopped rocking in the old Boston rocker. She got up with a kind of grave wonder in her face. She took him by the arm and led him inside, into the parlor. She sat down on the sofa and pulled him down beside her. She kept hold of his arm with both hands and he could feel her small strong fingers digging into his flesh. The tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"There, ma," he said. "There, now. Gee, look at you, all dressed up and everything. I saw pa out back. Pa looks fine."

"You're back," his mother said, holding onto his arm. "You're back, Harry."

■ He was back. For the first time in six months he slept in his own bed and wakened to see white curtains blowing in the morning breeze. He was back—but it wasn't the same. It was the same at home, but beyond his home—in the next street, in the village—was public opinion.

"Mister," the warden had said, "you have paid your debt to society. Believe me, it's my sincerest hope that the society to which you are now returning will realize that. But you, too, will have to do your part." MacDonald, too, had spoken of his debt to society. "Returning the money," MacDonald had said, "is not enough. The tax money was in his trust. He used the money. As a citizen and taxpayer of this town, I demand that he be tried in a court of law and, if convicted, sentenced to repay, in prison, his debt to society."

There was always, when Harry thought of it, a dreamlike quality about his taking the money. He had intended only to use the three hundred dollars over the long Labor Day week-end. As clerk in the tax collector's office, he had had access to the safe; and with the tax collector away at the time, it had been easy. The automobile salesman had driven the sixty miles from Portland, arriving Friday afternoon.

Short of cash, Harry asked him if he couldn't hold the deal off until Tuesday, but the salesman said the car had to be taken that day and a substantial down payment made. Harry had waited so long for a car that, with one at his fingertips, he was at his wits' end. Then he thought of the money in the safe. He took it, planning to drive to Portland Tuesday morning, cash some government bonds he had in a safe-deposit box there, and be back in town with the money by noon. But on the way to Portland he had skidded and cracked up. Taken to a hospital, he had been in a semiconscious state for almost a week—and in the meantime the loss of the tax money had been discovered.

"Son," his father had said, "you did wrong."

"I know, pa."

"Your credit's always been good in town, the way a man's has got to be in a small town."

"I know, pa. I did wrong. But George MacDonald—"

"George MacDonald is a hard man but a just one. When you were making only fifteen dollars a week, George MacDonald was the first man to run a charge account for you. And who has credit with George MacDonald can get credit anywhere else in town. But when you play free with taxpayers' money, then George MacDonald is your enemy."

For the first time in six months Harry went downstairs to his mother's breakfast. Here, at any rate, he felt safe, secure. His father talked desultorily, in his laconic way, about housing and how hard it was to get materials. His father was a carpenter.

"If you get into town today, Harry, get me some razor blades, will you?"

But Harry didn't go in to town. He worked in the garden, repaired the fence that surrounded it. When his father asked about the razor blades next day, Harry said he hadn't gone in, and his father gave him a sober sidewise look. His mother got them that afternoon.

Harry was not lazy. He put a coat of paint on the barn, looked after the chickens, the pigs, the cow. One day, when he was repairing a screen on the front porch, he saw the mailman, Mr. Dow, up the street. He laid down the screen and went indoors until the mailman had passed by.

"What you planning, boy?" his father said a couple of weeks later. "No one means to push you—this is your home—but—"

Harry saw it there before him in the Portland paper. "They're looking for men upcountry, pa. Cleaning out timber. I was planning to leave tomorrow."

Harry boarded the bus at the northern edge of the township next morning and rode it up into the mountains and through the mountains to the wild country near the Canadian border. He signed on for work and nobody asked him any personal questions. He went deep into the woods. The sense of freedom he felt was so wonderful that he suffered the rigors of the work without complaint. His body toughened up. His mind, bit by bit, day by day, cleared. He could go on forever in this freedom, moving from job to job.

But he couldn't forget his folks. He couldn't forget the bare gray tone of resignation in his father's voice. And always the town was in the back of his thoughts; and at the center of the town, like a hub at the center of countless spokes, was old man MacDonald. By the end of two months he knew that his new-found freedom was an illusion.

■ He went back. Hard and brown, quiet, watchful, he rode the bus down into the center of the town. He knew now that the gantlet had to be run. If ever he were to bring any comfort to his folks, or a measure of peace to himself, he would have to face the town. The bus was held up by a traffic block in front of MacDonald's haberdashery. Harry, with his heart in his throat, stepped out and walked straight across the sidewalk. MacDonald was sitting on a chair outside the store.

"Hello, Mr. MacDonald," Harry said politely.

MacDonald gave him a cool contemplative appraisal. He rose unhurriedly and followed Harry into the store.

"I'd like a couple of white shirts," Harry said.

MacDonald said, "Size fifteen, thirty-four sleeve."

Harry kept his hand in his pocket, clenched on a roll of bills—over two hundred dollars. "Some socks," he said, "brown, gray."

"Size eleven."

Harry chose six pairs. He picked out two ties and three sets of underwear, and all the while his hand worked at the money in his pocket. He could hardly wait to take it out.

"I guess that's all for now," he said. "How much?"

There was a thump on the counter. Harry saw old MacDonald open a long thumb-indexed ledger and turn the pages to B. Fascinated, he watched MacDonald enter the items in the ledger under the name Barr, Harry. His own name. In the charge-account ledger.

"Comes to twenty-two forty," MacDonald said.

Harry had not taken the money out of his pocket. Gradually his fingers relaxed. When he withdrew his hand, it was empty, the palm damp with sweat.

MacDonald wrapped everything in one large bundle and slid it across the counter. "Come in again, Harry," he said, and went to the back of the store to drink a glass of water.

With the bundle under his arm, Harry reached the sidewalk. He gave a small nervous laugh. His throat was full. He was back in town—really back—for the first time. He wasn't afraid any more.

"Hey!" he called out. "Hey, Mr. Dow, you going my way?"

Mr. Dow, the mailman, braked his car sharply in the middle of the street. "Sure thing, Harry. Come on, hop in." ■■

A thousand feet of deep tunnels honeycomb a hill at a California winery. The wine actually "breathes" in aging casks.

Grapes of cash

Few persons know that some of France's most famous wines are nurtured by native American grape roots. But then, America's amazing wine industry abounds in believe-it-or-not paradoxes

by Frank J. Taylor

reading time 11 minutes

When wine enthusiasts burst into paeans of prose or poetry, wine invariably becomes so much a symbol of civilization, a heritage from the gods, a subject of so many biblical parables, or so cherished a food and drink of mankind since ancient times, that the vintner who makes it today is seldom mentioned.

Since prohibition this country's wine makers have built a healthy half-billion-dollar industry, little known to the average American who enjoys now and then his glass of wine. The phenomenal rebirth of this fine old industry is an outstanding example of co-operative free enterprise.

When the vintners emerged from the shadows with the repeal of prohibition in 1933, they gathered in San Francisco to take stock of what was left. It was the depth of the depression, none of them had any free capital, and nearly every vineyard in California was heavily mortgaged. "The Bank of America owns the wine industry!" exclaimed one vineyardist with a characteristic shrug.

The wines stored in the vats to keep the cooperage from drying out were musty and unfit for sale. Yet Americans wanted wines immediately, now that the prohibition era was over. American vintners needed from two to five years to produce palatable wines, and European competitors were set to ship wines by the boatload and capture the market.

To make matters still worse, the federal government and most of the states looked upon the reborn beverage business as the easy way to liquidate public debts. They slapped fantastic excise taxes on wines ranging up to a dollar a gallon in Ohio, more than double what the vintner got for the same gallon of wine after patiently tending his vines, harvesting the grapes, crushing them and nurturing the wine for two years. In many states the restrictions on sale of wines were almost as stifling as under federal prohibition.

After soberly reviewing the obstacles this barely breathing reborn industry had to overcome, the California wine men joined in a co-operative which they called the Wine Institute. In charge as secretary-manager they employed an earnest, energetic market man, Harry A. Caddow.

With some ready cash borrowed from the Bank of America and assessments levied against their future production, the grape growers and wine makers launched an educational campaign to spread the gospel that wine is food and therefore its sale should be made easy and not subject to confiscatory taxes. They also undertook to establish standards, so that the customer anywhere, when he bought a bottle of California wine, would know what he was getting

Today, after 15 hard years of ceaseless labor, the Institute has achieved results that *(Continued on page 62)*

A California vineyard set in Old-World charm.

Inspecting an ancient wine storage cask.

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES

by Elizabeth Wilson

Laurence Olivier as Hamlet. Teen-age Jean Simmons is Ophelia.

HAMLET

■ Producer-director-star Laurence Olivier's Hamlet is picture-making at its very best, and his interpretation of the Shakespearean play as "a tragedy of a man who can't make up his mind" will be discussed for years to come, with far more pros than cons. Released by Universal International, it was made at the Denham Studios, in black and white, at a cost of $2,000,000. Everyone in the meticulously chosen cast, from Hamlet to the gravedigger, gives a well-nigh perfect performance, but special praise goes to pretty 19-year-old Jean Simmons, who does more for Ophelia than ever has been done before. Olivier has cut the play's four hours to two and a half for the film.

James and Jeanne Cagney with Bill Bendix as Nick, a bartender.

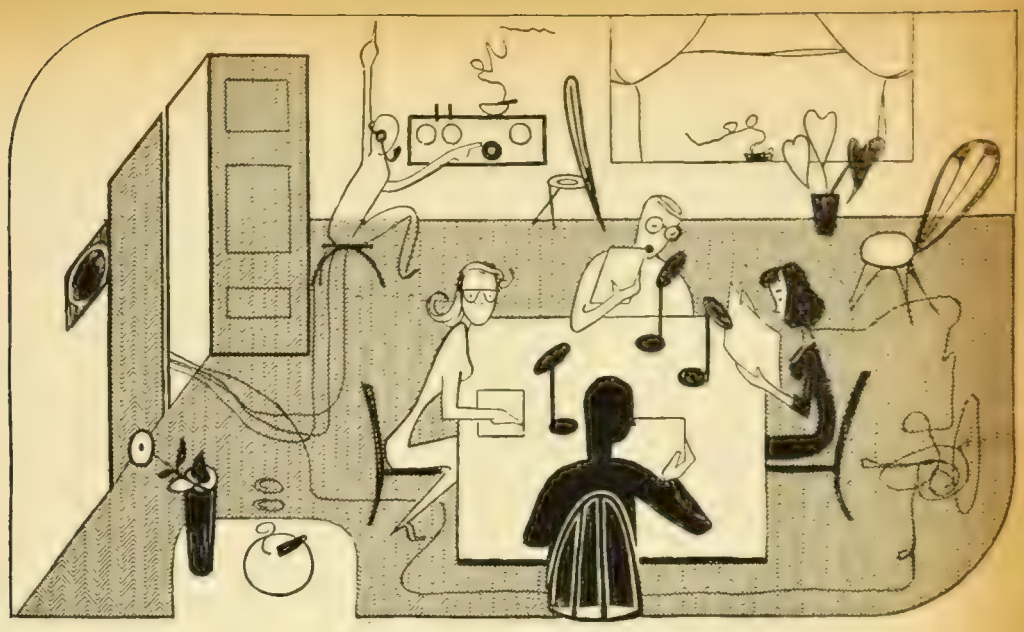
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

■ The Cagney boys, Jim and Bill, can take a bow for successfully proving to Hollywood that there can be something new in the treatment of a screen play. They have taken William Saroyan's prize-winning The Time of Your Life and produced it the hard way. As in the original stage play, there is no conventional story and the film is loaded with characters who gather at Nick's saloon in San Francisco and spout Saroyan's friendly philosophy over their beers. Among the characters who people Nick's (Bill Bendix) are a philosophizing well-to-do young man (Jim Cagney); his dim-witted man Friday (Wayne Morris); a windbag (James Barton); and a young dancer (Paul Draper).

Barbara Stanwyck registers horror in this new spine-chiller.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

■ Talented writer Lucille Fletcher has sent shivers chasing up and down the spines of radio audiences with her sketch called Sorry, Wrong Number, and now Paramount has released it as a picture promising to be one of the best of the year. Young, rich, bedridden Leona Stevenson (Barbara Stanwyck) dials a number on a telephone one night and overhears two men plotting the murder of an unnamed woman. Her terror is intensified by mysterious calls from an old college rival (Ann Richards) and from her father's associate, a scientist (Harold Vermilyea). The picture's climax comes with the discovery that it is Leona's husband (Burt Lancaster) who wants her murdered.



something's got to give

by Marion Hargrove

a Liberty book condensation . . . reading time—one evening

■ Most mornings Carolyn got up sometime before seven to give our baby his bottle and get Little Joe out of Alberta's hair and kitchen. This is, I suppose, no more than countless mothers do all over the world every day of the year, but our cook and I are both weak-willed and indulgent, so we let her sleep late now and again. I would take care of Willie's feeding and the other little intimacies connected with the levee of a six-months-old, and Alberta and I would try to keep the house quiet until nine or ten o'clock.

This particular morning I had dragged Little Joe out of the kitchen before his customary wrangling with Alberta could reach the climax of its volume and violence. I had sat with him, attentive and respectful, while he went through a book, pointing out to me each beast, building, and vehicle depicted in it. And when he tired of that, I had sat in his swing outside and let him push me.

When we went into the kitchen shortly after ten, we found Carolyn finishing up what appeared to have been a noble breakfast. She was sipping her coffee with a far-off, pensive look in her eyes.

"Morning, dear," I said, kissing her forehead because there was egg on her lower lip. "Sleep well?"

"Mmm," she said, coming slowly out of her bemusement. "I got the most wonderful idea. Just wait till you hear it." And with that she tossed off the rest of her coffee and began dragging me into the living room.

"You know the way," she said, when we were both settled, "when you're waking up real slowly, and you're half asleep and half awake, and your mind is still sort of halfway in the subconscious?"

"I guess so," I said. "My, you look pretty this morning."

"Well," she said, making a full sentence of the word. "I was just lying there, and you know the way your mind wanders. I suppose I was thinking about Chuck's telling us last night about Wally Devans, his friend at the ad-

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Illustrations by Sutnar and Hall

vertising agency—the one with the radio program he wanted Chuck for—and what fun it must be, exciting work and interesting people. It's really a shame Chuck can't take the job."

Chuck Bartlet is my best friend, and his wife Betsy is my cousin. It was Betsy who talked the owner of the house next to theirs into selling it to me, and then moved my dear wife and eldest son in, so that it was all waiting for me the day I got out of the Army.

"Hell," I said, "there's nothing stopping him but his ulcer and his native wisdom. He's got some savings left and it's only a matter of weeks till he sells his first short story."

"And then I was thinking," she went on, "about Betsy and me, how we never do anything interesting and exciting."

"You run into that in every line of work," I told her. "Is that what you thought up lying in the sack?"

She ignored it. "Do you know," she demanded, "what's the most important thing in life for wives like us who have young children?"

"Young children," I said.

"Young children," she repeated, and her tone was beginning to get a little oratorical. "That's all we ever talk about."

I lay down on the sofa and put my head in her lap.

"No, please," she said. "Sit up so I can look at you. I was thinking there ought to be some program on the radio about all the different problems you have with babies and how to cope with them. A radio program would be wonderful—you know? Have two mothers sit there for half an hour and just talk shop back and forth. Just like on the telephone. You know who would be just the right people to do it?"

"All right, dear," I said. "Who would?"

"Betsy and me."

"Go on with you," I said, laughing.

"What's so funny about it?" she demanded.

"I was just laughing at the thought of you and Betsy. On the telephone. I can see you," I said, "running around the house with a microphone in one hand and a wet diaper in the other. Makes quite a picture."

"It's still a marvelous idea." She was offended.

■ I reached over and pulled her glasses down, burlesquing her stern expression so that she had to smile. "Sure it's a marvelous idea, sweet," I said, "but not for a dear girl like you."

"If we had a radio show like that, we could have a new lawn. And an asphalt driveway."

"We could use them, I guess," I conceded. "But we don't need them that badly."

"We could have a piano," she went on. "I've been wanting a piano for years, you know that."

"Sure, chicken," I told her. "I know you want a piano. I've been hoping that when we sell this whodunnit I'm doing we'll have enough left over to buy a piano for you."

"We'd still have to stretch to buy it, even then."

"That's all right," I said. "That's the way it's supposed to be. You're only twenty-five years old, dear. Most people aren't able to run down to the corner and buy a piano when they're twenty-five."

Her face was thoughtful, but there was purpose in it.

"Just look at us," I went on. "We've got a nice, big, wonderful old house in the country, with only four per cent interest to pay on the mortgage. We've got all these nice things in it. We've got a brook with a swimming hole. And you know what else we've got? We've got two very nice children, and a lot of people our age think that's a luxury."

"I'm not complaining," she said. "I was just saying that here's a way to make a lot more money, and easy too, and get a lot of things we need without waiting for them so long. That's all." She leaned her head against my shoulder and began rubbing her cheek on my sleeve. "I mean, you could support the family and I could buy the frills."

Neither of us said anything for a while. The only sounds about were a distant clatter from the kitchen and the steady, twanging sound from upstairs, where Willie, the baby, was bouncing up and down in his crib to keep from going to sleep.

"Frills are important," I said finally, "but if you don't have to squeeze a little to get them you can't ever really value them. Now can I go to work?"

"Sure," she said. "Can I?"

"Over a hot stove," I said. "Radio's got enough trouble without taking you on. Now go up and chloroform the baby before he shakes the house down."

■ It was something like three-thirty when I called the day done and crept out of my workshop into the sunlight. It was a warm, pleasant day, the best day that the year had so far produced, and I felt the time had come to proclaim spring. Accordingly I sought out the hammock, unrolled it, and strung it up between the apple tree and the garage.

I lay in it thinking of absolutely nothing at all when Chuck drove up in his old Chevrolet and stopped. He leaned across the back of the seat and held a door open long enough for his four-year-old, Tommy, to emerge followed by Little Joe. "Go play in the sandbox," he told them.

"Hi, dahya, hi," said Joe.

"Hi, Joe."

"Hullo, Mac," said Tommy.

"Hello, Chief," I told him.

"The sandbox, gentlemen," Chuck reminded them. "If you please." He dragged a chair out of the garage and set it up by the hammock. "Your wife," he said, "is up at my house, talking crazy talk to my wife about going on the radio."

I laughed. "Let 'em have their simple little pleasures."

Some three days later we were sitting under the apple tree again, reviewing the situation.

"All day long I get it," Chuck said. "This quiet sad look. That and the good-wife treatment."

"What's the good-wife treatment?"

"Oh, you know," he said. "How would you like your eggs this morning, and children please be quiet while daddy takes his nap, and all that sort of thing. It gets me down."

"Why don't you start looking sad yourself?"

"That's no good," he said. "She's got a superior sadness. Any woman has. A man can't look sad enough to stop it, unless he's got a chronic hangover."

I nodded my thoughtful agreement.

"It's dirty fighting," I said. "I'll tell her so."

"What the hell," he said, rather sadly. "I haven't been playing too clean myself."

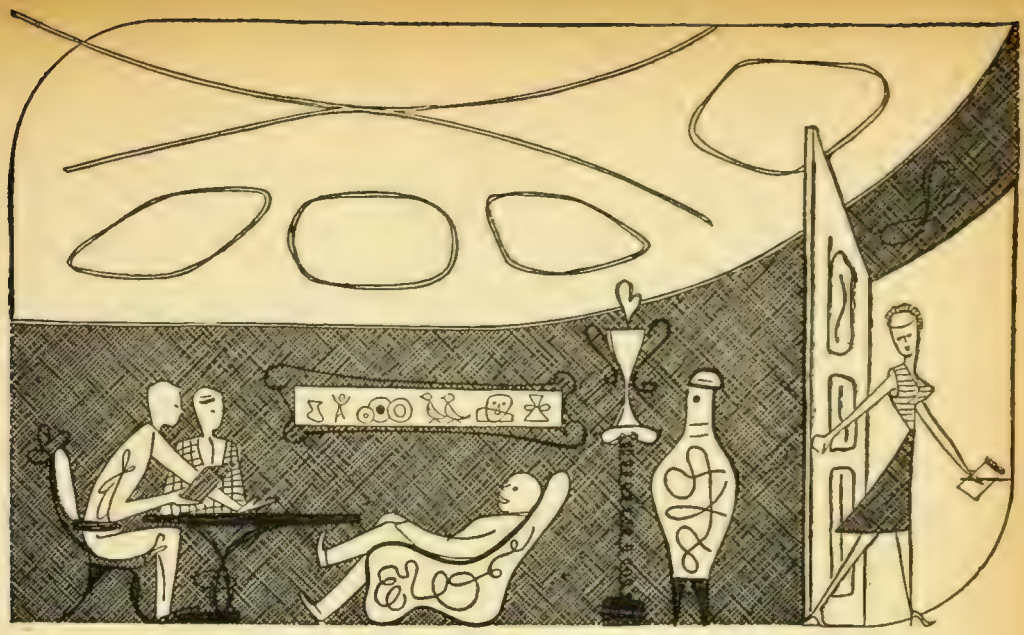
"You mean this business with your ulcer?"

He looked startled. "I thought I was going to surprise you."

"Not me," I said. "I've seen many an ulcer patient in my day, and you're just not the type. A fake ulcer," I reassured him, "isn't dirty fighting. It just makes it easier for Betsy to accept what she wants anyway: a decent, civilized, unhurried life for both of you."

"You just won't come out of that dream world, will you?" he said.

The morning of the sixth day after, he caught me as I



was going into my study for the day's work. He followed me in and I closed the door behind us.

"About this radio business," he said, when he had settled down in the chair beside my typing desk. "I'm going to see Wally Devens about it."

"You are?"

"I've been doing a lot of thinking about it," he said, "and I don't think I'm in a very good position to say no to helping the girls."

"Why's that?" I asked him.

Chuck twisted in his chair. "You know. Quitting a movie press agent's job on a phony ulcer and trying to make a living at writing, when I've never done a hell of a lot of it. The money goes a lot faster than it was saved."

"Don't fret about it," I said. "You'll make it."

"Oh, I don't lie awake nights," he said. "I think I'll make it. But Betsy worries about it. Carolyn worries about it. They sit around and talk about how the bankroll's getting thinner, and then one of them comes up with this."

Getting hold of Wally Devens took something like ten days, during which Mesdames Bartlet and Dobbs maintained a constant dither of excitement, hatching and smashing big and little ideas, debating which of the neighbors could keep the secret, estimating three or four times a day the weight of the work and the size of the income.

■ Chuck and I spent an increasing amount of time each day taking care of the children, lest they should starve or drown while waiting for their mothers to come back from their distant world of dreams. We were both somewhat relieved, actually, when Chuck eventually trapped Wally by telephone. He reported Devens well inclined to lunch with us.

"Us?" I protested. "I get claustrophobia in the city."

"Come along," he said. "We're in this together."

The upshot of it was that Chuck and I were both drawn into the radio business, he as manager and I as script writer, and our first assignment was the meeting with our prospective new godfather, Mr. T. Cranston Lydecker of Lydecker Lotions.

"Hello there, Chuck," he said to Chuck, whom he had never seen before. "How goes it?" He shook Chuck's hand and clapped his shoulder and gave me the same routine. "I suppose you know you've really got one sweet little show there."

"I suppose so," said Chuck, who did not sound staggered by the realization of it.

"The only thing that bothers me about the whole thing," Lydecker went on, "is the business of piping the show in all the way from the country. I'm afraid that's going to cost too much."

"In that case," Chuck said, sounding happy, "the whole deal is off. No piping, no show."

"Hey! Hey!" said Lydecker in a mock alarm that failed to hide the genuine underneath it. "Calm yourself! I didn't say I wouldn't pipe it. I just said it was going to cost a lot."

"You said it would cost too much. And I said if it was too much, all right, the hell with it. We have the show or we don't have it, and I'm just as happy."

Lydecker appeared to find Chuck's uncompromising truculence stimulating. So did I, when it came to that.

"Bartlet," he said placatingly, "you're getting yourself all steamed up over nothing. I'll pipe the show from the country. I'll be glad to."

When we got home and told the girls, we saved the part about salary for the last, but by that time they were almost exhausted by their exhilaration, and the $750 a week apiece for the four of us was just another thing. They sat there on opposite ends of the sofa for at least a quarter of an hour, unable to do anything more than look at each other occasionally. An incredulous look and then a sigh.

"This is a long silence," Chuck said at last, "but it's a nice rest after all that squealing and carrying-on."

"Dream boy," Betsy said fondly. "You're dynamite."

"Our little Chuckie," Carolyn sighed softly.

"To hell with all of you," I said.

"Well," Betsy said suddenly, jumping from the couch, "let's spend the evening eating and drinking and making merry, how's that? Mrs. B. presiding in the kitchen."

This sounded good, since Mrs. B. is a little wonder in the kitchen.

"All right," she said. "We'll have steaks this thick, with hashed brown potatoes, and maybe I could whip up a nice lemon meringue pie."

"It's already pretty late," said Carolyn.

"That's all right," said Betsy. "We're going to eat well tonight if we have to do it by the light of dawn."

She poked Chuck in the ribs with an elbow. "How's that, popsy?" she said gleefully. "Are you too tired to plow through a great slab of steak and a couple of rashers of pie?"

Chuck's expression was a blend of craven gluttony and tender mournfulness. "Honey," he said, "you know I can't eat all that rich food."

"Why can't you, sweetie?" she asked.

"Oh, you know," he said "Ulcer."

Betsy hugged him fondly. "Darling," she said, "with

all the work you're going to do, you'll just have to get along without that fake ulcer."

Chuck was horror-stricken. "What do you mean, fake ulcer?"

"Come off it," she said, her eyes shining with glee and affection. "You've suffered enough."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Chuck, a grin beginning to crinkle the corners of his eyes.

"Dope," Betsy said lovingly, kissing his nose. "People with ulcers don't smoke all day long, and they don't clean out all the rich food in the icebox day after day. Poor, wayward boy."

When the grin came, it was very sheepish but very happy.

■ The activity during the next weeks was diverse and feverish. There were at least three trips a week into the city for Carolyn and Betsy. There were voice tests, it was reported to me from time to time, and lessons in delivery.

Chuck had to see not only the people the girls had to see, but a number of other connections as well. There was little resemblance to the Chuck of a few months before, the idle country ne'er-do-well, happy in the bosom of his family and the stimulation of his ulcer.

The only contribution I ever had to make to contemporary culture, in the preparatory days, was to drive into the city occasionally to see Wally Devens. Wally had no connection with the project now, having finished his share of it by launching the rest of us into it, but he was extremely obliging about teaching me some of the tricks of radio writing.

I came in one afternoon from the village, where I had got a haircut and killed some time at the music shop, to find strange noises coming out of the little room downstairs that I used as a study. I opened the door cautiously and looked in.

My desk, my bookcase, my filing cabinets were all gone. The room was now occupied by a cheerful-looking man of middle years, with steel-rimmed eyeglasses, an unbuttoned waistcoat and rolled-up sleeves, who was sitting in the middle of a mess of wires, cables, and tools, smoking a cigarette and reading one of my magazines.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked him, "just what the hell you're doing?"

"Not at all," he said, quite agreeably. "I'm having myself a cigarette, and when that's over I'm going back to work on this room. When I finish this room, Jack, it's going to be a studio. Radio. Broadcasting. You want a cigarette?"

"No," I said, "I don't want a cigarette. Thank you just the same. Who told you to pick out this room?"

"Lady of the house," he said. "Her and the company. Said put it in here. And here it is."

I thanked him civilly and stamped back to the kitchen.

"Where is she?" I demanded of Alberta.

"Where's who, poppa?" she asked, all innocent.

"Where's Mrs. Dobbs?"

"Oh, I think she's up with Betsy," she said. "Was there anything I can do for you?"

"There certainly was," I fumed. "You can tell me what the hell happened to my things that were evicted out of my room."

"Well, it's this way, poppa. We took everything out and put it in the room over the garage. It's all been fixed up very nice up there. Old lady thought you'd be able to work better outside the house. Too much noise around here."

"Thinking!" I said. "Women thinking! That's what starts everything! Women thinking!"

The next day was D Day.

When I came downstairs, at something like H hour minus one, I found the lower part of the house aswarm with people. Betsy was looking quite distraught and giggling nervously. Chuck was wandering about with a managerial and beaverlike air. Four or five ambassadors from the worlds of radio and advertising were churning about tripping over each other. Carolyn, in the middle of all this, was beginning to show the symptoms of nervous disintegration.

The stars of the show sat down at a table, each in front of a microphone, and studied their scripts in mute anxiety. In one corner of the room, at a smaller table strewn with gadgets, sat a bald little man who held a switchboard operator's mouthpiece in his hand and occasionally said something into it.

The little man held up five fingers, then four, then three, then two, then one. Then he made another gesture and the announcer, who had suddenly materialized at one side of the table, nodded his head abruptly.

From out of nowhere came the sound of a ringing telephone, and the announcer slashed at Carolyn with one finger.

"Hello," she said, her voice quaking a little. "Betsy?"

"Hello, Carolyn," said Betsy, none too calm herself. "What's up?"

"I've been trying to get you for thirty minutes," Carolyn quavered. . . .

At the proper point the voice of the announcer boomed, "This morning we take you to Carolyn Dobbs' home in the country, where she and Betsy Bartlet bring you AIRING OUR CHILDREN, a program designed to help every mother with the countless problems that have to be met in the care and raising of children."

Mrs. Dobbs and Mrs. Bartlet were launched into their radio careers.

The producer from the advertising agency, the network producer, the announcer, the engineer, and the others all had criticisms to make when the program was over, but they all agreed that the girls had done the broadcast well. It was almost noon before they departed, still talking.

■ The house was ours again, but somehow it was not the same house. It was as if something old and essential about it had disappeared and something vague and sinister had taken its place.

"I just can't believe it," said Betsy. "We actually went through with it. It's all right to say it now, I guess, but I never thought we'd get this far with it."

"I did," said Chuck. "Every time a new development came along, I said to myself: Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

"You're awfully brave," said Carolyn.

"He doesn't have to be brave," said Betsy. "He doesn't have to sit down in front of a microphone with a million women listening to what he says."

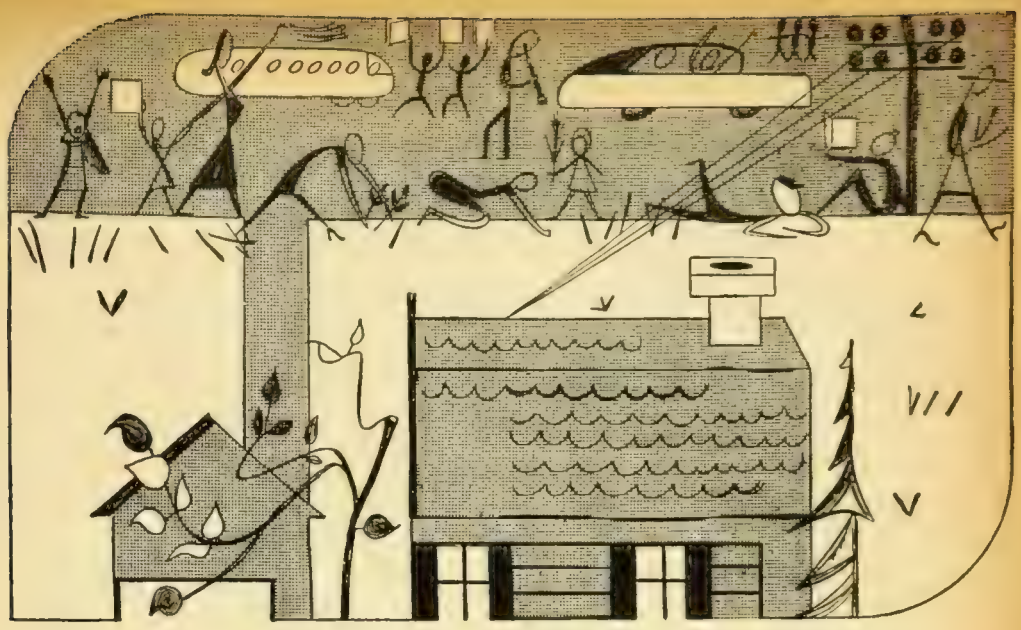
"My goodness!" Carolyn gasped after a slow take. "I'd never thought of it just that way. Oh, I can't! I can't go on with it! I've never talked to *twenty* women at one time in all my life!"

"Oh, stop that," I said. "It's probably three hundred women, for one thing, and for another they're not listening to every word you say. They're slopping around the kitchen clearing up the breakfast dishes, with one ear tuned in to you and the other tuned in to the kids in the back yard."

"Well," Betsy said, vastly relieved, "that *is* something to consider."

"I'll bet you," Chuck put in, "there isn't a one of them who could tell you a word you said this morning."

"Well!" said Carolyn. "Thank you very much!"



I was sitting in the living room one afternoon at the end of the third week, when Carolyn came into the room with a rather thoughtful look on her face.

"I'm worried about Little Joe," she said. "He's just not eating any lunch at all. Breakfast is all right, because he's always hungry then, and supper he does fairly well with, but a child that age can't live on two meals a day. It'll ruin his digestive system."

"Don't any of the books tell you what to do?" I asked her. "You must have eight dozen of them by now."

"Well," she said, "I've tried everything they suggest in the books, and just none of them seems to work."

"Well," I said, "the only thing I see to do is to send in a question to 'Airing Our Children.'"

"I don't think that's very funny."

"Look," I said, "you've let the guy find out that his eating is more important to you than it is to him. Now all you have to do is disenchant him. Make it more important to *him* again."

"That's very, very simple," she said. "Who's going to do the disenchanting, or does that make it more complicated?"

"Hell," I said, "I'll disenchant him." I had no idea how I was going to go about it, but I gave it a lot of thought for the rest of the day.

The next morning at breakfast, which I ate alone as usual, I gave Alberta the initial instructions.

"Man, are you crazy?" she demanded. "All the poor child has from breakfast to supper is milk or juice and a little piece of zwieback every now and then."

"Just don't argue about it," I said. "Don't give him a sip or a crumb. And for lunch three peas, maybe a half a teaspoonful of potatoes. And meat about the size of the end of your little finger. No milk until the last."

"Sixty-two years old," she said, "and I've been cooking for people since I was eighteen. And I have never worked in such a crazy household as this one. Everybody is out of their mind!"

Later I gave her directions for supper. "Figure out what he usually eats, and give him exactly half as much. You got that?"

"What's the matter with you?" she roared. "You trying to kill that poor little boy just to give him an appetite?"

"And if he asks for seconds, give him seconds. But make them small seconds. If he doesn't ask, give him nothing."

Little Joe came from his supper, stuffed and smiling, to ask for his after-supper phonograph recital.

"Well," I asked Alberta, who was humming in the kitchen, "how did it go? Any calls for seconds?"

"Seconds," she reported, "thirds, fourths, and on the potatoes, fifths. And a jar of stewed prunes besides."

"Half portions for breakfast tomorrow," I said, "and keep setting a skimpy table until he's eating like a horse. Three times a day, a horse."

Carolyn was flabbergasted, I was pleased to notice. Betsy was sure I had found it all in a book somewhere.

"Just simple brutality," I said. "It never fails."

"Well, you make a wonderful mother," Carolyn said.

"Sure," I agreed. "When I get a little better I'm going on the radio."

"I can think," said Betsy, without rancor, "of another place you can go."

Carolyn had been out every evening since the first of the week, and so had the others, and they had been groggy in the morning and cranky in the afternoon, and it seemed to me that all three of them were paying more attention to their success than to their work.

I was in my chair after supper, brooding about all this, when Carolyn came downstairs. She entered the living room the way people do when they want to show you that they are in a hurry without telling you right out. She was wearing a long evening dress and she had a flower or something in her hair.

"Joe, dear," she said, "would you do an awfully big favor for me?"

"Depends," I said, not giving way to any special enthusiasm. "What's the favor?"

"Just this once," she said.

"Just this once what?" I asked her.

"Would you make the baby's formula?" she said.

"Of course not," I told her, and I went back to my reading.

"Joe," she said, calm with an effort, "please. I have to go into the city, and I'm fifteen minutes late starting already, and it'll take half an hour or forty-five minutes to make the formula."

"All right," I said. "Make it when you get back."

"I'll be awfully tired when I get in," she said. "It'll be past midnight and I'll get practically no sleep and you know how I am on the broadcast the next morning when I've had no sleep."

"The solution is simple," I said. "Don't go. Do the formula and get to bed early. Feel like a million dollars in the morning."

"I have to go in," she said, drawing the words out slowly like a mother straining to be patient with a child. "Betsy and I both. It's business."

"What's business?" I wanted to know. "What kind of

work is it that you do with a flower in your hair?"

"You go to the theater and supper with your sponsor and the salespeople who're in town from the Chicago office, that's what you do!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Please, Joe," she said. "Let's not argue. Will you do the formula?"

"No, ma'am," I said. "I will not do the formula."

There must have been five more minutes of discussion, after which I gave in against my better judgment. She ran through the directions for making the stuff at least twice, and then she roared up the hill to pick up Betsy.

It was at least ten-thirty when I put the last bottle into the refrigerator, washed the funnel and the graduate, and left the rest of the mess for the women to clean up in the morning.

I went into the living room and sat down to brood awhile.

Things were approaching a point where I would be the only person around the place with enough leisure time to do all the work. Worst of all, I was beginning to be father and mother both to the radio script. The other three were busy, and when they were not busy they were tired. They were the three persons nearest to me of all the people in the world, and they were getting farther and farther away. I tried to talk to Carolyn about this a couple of nights later.

"Do we have to discuss it tonight?" she asked wearily. "I'm so tired I'm ready to drop. All I want to do is go to bed and sleep three days."

"All right," I said, and I started to leave the room.

"Oh, Joe," she called after me. "You could do me an awfully big favor if you would."

"What?" I asked, with little enthusiasm.

"I'm just so pooped," she said, "I can't face making the formula tonight. Would you be an old—?"

I missed the rest of the sentence. I slammed the door so hard behind me that I could hear something snap inside the lock, and went for a walk.

■ One day I went to town and found that my agent had sold my book. When I met Chuck at the parking lot to ride home with him in the cream-colored yacht he had acquired, he pounded my back and said that it was a literary landmark for us all and we must have dinner at the Club Albatross.

Since Chuck was a well-known figure, the dinner turned out to be on the house. The house also sent around an alcoholic barber-pole called a pousse-café, and we were patting down with this the noble veal we had eaten, when I heard Chuck groan and looked up to see a grotesquely fat man approaching our table. I had never met the man, but I recognized him as Emmet Rowley, the columnist.

"Ha!" he said, and settled himself down uninvited at our table. "Don't see you around much these days!" He was speaking to Chuck, but he was giving me a highly analytical once-over. "I don't think I know your friend."

"Joe Dobbs," said Chuck. "Emmet Rowley. Joe's doing the script on our radio show."

"The baby business you were telling me about. I've been meaning to listen to it, though I don't know why."

Chuck laughed. "I don't see how, for that matter. This goes on in the morning. You haven't been up before noon since you left grade school."

"You know," said Rowley a little expansively, "you're righter than you think. You know the last time I was up in the morning?"

"I hadn't heard about it," said Chuck.

"It was the morning I had to go down to Grand Central Palace for my physical. The draft, you know. I actually saw the sunrise that day. That's quite a thing, a draft-board physical."

"The worst part of it," said Chuck, "is knowing you haven't got a chance of flunking. How did you make out?"

"Oh, I was in good shape," said Rowley. "Not a thing wrong with me, but I still didn't go. You know, the whole damned war I couldn't get in, no matter how I tried. I suppose you knew I had a reserve commission as a major. They kept telling me I was more important to the war effort on the outside. The column, of course, and then—"

And so on, and on.

"The headwaiter's giving us the eye," I reported. "I think he wants our table."

"The only feeling I have about the late great war," Chuck was saying, "is I just don't like to talk about it."

"You're a snide character, aren't you?" Rowley snarled. "You just don't like me, do you? Is that it? Hey?"

"That I will buy," said Chuck. "I don't like you, and I don't like your column, and I don't like your way of sitting down at people's tables when you haven't been asked. When you start shoving in with why you weren't in the war, use the condensed version. Just tell them you were overweight and let it go at that."

Rowley was too furious to speak. He rose clumsily to his feet, turned his back upon us, and churned heavily away.

"You ought to go easy on guys like that," I said. "He'll go out now and flay both of us alive in that column of his."

■ Carolyn, before this new life started for us, had been remarkably calm and easygoing. Now she was always in a hurry, always fretting and stewing about. Before I knew it she was smoking two packs of cigarettes a day, and then one morning I found in the medicine cabinet a bottle of pills labeled "For Gastric Hyperacidity."

Betsy was getting to be the same way, and Chuck was in line for a genuine ulcer to replace the simulated one he had had before. All three of them said, individually and at different times, that they were enjoying themselves immensely.

One evening when Carolyn and I had finished a silent dinner together, she rose and announced that she wanted to go up to the Bartlets' for a couple of hours. She asked me to come along—I could talk to Chuck while they discussed the dresses they had ordered for a big party that was coming up—but the invitation was not especially enthusiastic and neither was I. I passed it up and she drove up the hill alone.

I tried reading, but I could not seem to apply myself to it. Little Joe fell out of bed upstairs a little after ten and began crying. I went up, tucked him back in, and then went to bed myself.

I slept until two o'clock, and then Carolyn came in from the Bartlets' and the light woke me. She read for a while and then undressed and fussed for a long time at the dressing table. I could not go back to sleep, so I sat up and opened a magazine to pass the time. I was two-thirds of the way through a short story when she finally got to bed, and I decided to finish it before trying to go to sleep again.

"You know perfectly well," she said, "I can't sleep with the lights on. And I have to get up in the morning and do a hard day's work."

"All right," I said. "If you wouldn't interrupt me with all this talk I could finish it a lot quicker."

"I suppose," she said, "that finishing a magazine story

is one of the really important things you have to do. Is it so good that you can't bear to lay it down?"

"No," I said, "it's not especially good. But I started it and I'm going to finish it."

She settled back into her pillow with a number of irritated twists and I resumed my reading. After a couple of minutes she broke in again.

"Joe," she said, measuring every word, "it's three in the morning and I have to get up in four hours. Will you please put that magazine down and go to sleep?"

"No," I said. "I intend to read these last four paragraphs."

She got out of bed, her jaw rigid, walked over to the door and turned my lamp off at the wall switch. Then she got back into bed and settled herself again without a word.

I lay there for a minute, got up and turned the light on again. I picked up the magazine, my bathrobe and slippers and started out.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm going out to the garage room," I said, "which is a good deal more hospitable for me than any room in this house. I'll move my things out there in the morning."

"All right," she said with heavy unconcern. "I'm sure it's immaterial to me where you sleep."

■ It was early in the following week that I stopped work in the middle of an afternoon to go to the kitchen for a glass of milk. Alberta was at the ironing board.

"Poppa," she said, a melancholy note in her voice, "I got to talk to you."

I sat down on her high stool at the counter. "What's the matter?"

She avoided my eyes when she spoke. "I got word from home. My brother's bad sick and they don't know what they're going to do. His wife is dead, and he's been having to raise the children himself besides working. And now he's laid up in bed he can't do either one, and somebody's just got to jump in there and do for him. Looks like I'm the only one can do it."

"Alberta," I said, "is it anything around here? Is the work too much for you? Couldn't we get somebody in to help you?"

"'Tisn't that, poppa," she said, beginning to sniffle. "I don't have anything against here. I don't know how I'm ever going to make out away from here. I been with you and Mrs. Dobbs ever since she was expecting Little Joe, and I've always been treated like kin in this house."

"Gosh, Alberta," I said, a little overcome by the thing, "it's going to be hard to see you go."

"I'm the one it's going to be hard on," she said. "Them boys have been like my own babies, and you and Mrs. Dobbs too."

And then she rushed up the back stairs to her room.

I went for a long walk through the woods, but it failed to do anything for me. When I got back to the house, Carolyn was sitting in the living room alone, looking straight ahead at nothing.

"Where is everybody?" I asked her, taking my chair across from her.

"The boys?" she said. "I put them to bed early. Dinner's late. She's not feeling well. Alberta isn't."

"I know," I said. "Did she tell you?"

"About leaving?" I nodded, and she nodded.

"It's sort of senseless," she sighed. "There's probably nothing in the world wrong with her brother. She couldn't stand it here any longer. I don't blame her. I don't blame her a bit."

"Cooks leaving," I said, "even Alberta, that's nothing. It wouldn't even matter particularly if the whole house went up in flames. What's important is us. I lie out there in that garage room every night, brooding most of the night because I'm losing you. I don't want to lose you, dear."

"Oh, Joe," she said. "I'm sorry."

"You keep getting farther and farther away," I said, "and you're the one thing in the world that's not replaceable."

"How am I getting farther and farther away, dear?" she said. I had trouble finding the right words, and she came over and sat on the ottoman and took my hand. "If you mean like last week," she said, "it was a silly argument, and it was all my fault, and I'm very sorry it ever had to happen."

"It wasn't your fault. We were both pretty silly. But we're getting farther away from each other, distant and detached and not really knowing each other any more."

"I know," she said. "We're like two different people, Joe. We nag at each other and fight and resent each other, and we never used to be like that."

I curled her hand up in both of mine, and brought it to my cheek. It opened again and lay against my chin and I lifted it gently to kiss the center of the palm.

"You know something, dear?" I said.

"What, dear?"

"I love you so very much," I said, "I fairly ache with it."

"I'm awfully glad," she said. "I haven't had occasion to mention it lately, but I love you pretty painfully too."

"I dare you to come up here," I said, feeling much

better than I had in months. She rose enough to smooth the back of her skirt, which is one of the wonderful practicalities of women, and sat down on my lap. All that was lost, or thought to be lost, was found again in one kiss and in the remembered shy and flustered way she dabbed with her handkerchief at the lipstick smear on my mouth.

"That settles it, at least," I said, when she had dug her chin into my shoulder and relaxed. "It's not us. Once we get clear of radio and other people's children we'll be all right. You wait and see."

She rose slowly until she was sitting upright and looked at me.

"Joe, dear," she said. "We'll never get rid of it. All of this, or something like it, is going to be with us the rest of our lives. We're trapped in it. Just this radio contract. Joe, that's five years! And we haven't even done five months of it yet!"

Before I could answer that—if I could have answered it—I heard footsteps crossing the dining room, and Alberta stuck her head in at the door.

"Beg your pardon," she said, her face mellowing a little at the sight of us sitting there like that. "Dinner's not much tonight, but what there is, it's ready."

■ Somewhere around six-thirty on the next Sunday morning, Little Joe was standing patiently beside me when I came out of my sleep. "Bay un dusha," he was saying. "Dahya, bay un dusha."

"All right, Joe," I said. "That's nice. Now go back to bed." I closed my eyes to go to sleep again and he repeated it with more insistence.

Carolyn yawned and sat up. "What do you want, Joe? Play on the what?"

"Nuh," he said, shaking his head. "Bay—un—dusha."

"Well, it means something," she said. "Yesterday he said there were eggs in the sandbox, and there were. Six turtle eggs."

"Bay guy," said Little Joe.

"Well, that's a joke," I said. "He says the baby's crying, and there's not a sound from the baby."

She got up and put on her robe. "You show mummy what you're talking about." He turned and started toward the door, and I figured that I might as well get in on it too. He led us down the hall, and on our way down the stairs I noticed that the front door was open.

"Did you open the door, Joe?" I asked him.

"Aye," he said gravely. "Bay un dusha."

He led us to the door and we looked and it was there exactly as he had described it:

A baby on the doorstep.

Carolyn scooped up the basket quickly but gently and brought it in out of the crisp morning air. She laid it on the table in the hall. The baby was not more than a week or two old, and a very little one. It was sound asleep, which is always a nice thing to see in a baby.

"Poor little doll," said Carolyn. "It looks sickly." She lifted the fold of the blanket—a fairly good blanket, as was the basket itself—and there, tucked between the baby and the side of the basket, was a can of patent milk-powder and a note.

"Dear Carolyn," it said. "All those last months the only joy I had besides my child inside me was listening to you and Betsy in the morning and pretending I was you and your home was mine. You have so very much and I so little. If you can make the dream come true for my little girl, it can be true for me as well. There could not be a nicer place for her or a closer one for me. Thank you for always."

The paper and the penmanship were as smart and fashionable as the prose style, more like a bread-and-butter letter than a note to pin on a foundling.

I snorted. "She has so little! She probably brought the baby over from Westchester in a tan Rolls-Royce with an English chauffeur. 'Thank you for always!' Soap-opera stuff!"

Alberta came out from the living-room door at that point, and when she saw the basket she let out one loud and pious interjection. The baby woke and set up a hungry wail.

"Where on earth?" Alberta said, reaching down to lift the baby from the basket. "Now, if this isn't something!"

"You'd better let me have her," said Carolyn. "You take this and make the formula." She handed her the can and Alberta studied it.

In a little while we calmed down enough to get things organized and the kitchen was aswarm for almost an hour. I saw nothing that I could do, and so that is what I did.

When I went in later, Joe was in his high chair separating his bacon from his eggs, Carolyn sat at the breakfast table giving the baby her bottle, and Alberta was perched on a stool feeding Willie.

When the two smallest were back asleep and Joe was at his everyday play outside, Carolyn and I settled down to our own breakfasts.

"Well," I said, "what are we going to do about it? Hadn't I better call the state troopers?"

"The state troopers?" she said, aghast. "What are you going to do—have the poor little thing arrested for trespassing?"

"Of course not," I said. "You find a baby on the front steps, so you call the police. You can't just keep the baby."

"What would the state troopers do with it?" she demanded, looking as if she thought they would question the infant with a length of rubber hose.

"Darling," I told her, "I don't know what they do with babies, but they must know. You've got to tell them the baby's here."

"We don't have to tell them just yet," she said doggedly. "You know, I'll bet she's an awfully nice baby. You're always talking about wanting a girl."

"When I want a girl," I told her, "I want my own girl. What's the matter? Have you gone out of production or something? Can't I have a girl that looks like me?"

"Not with things the way they are now," she said. "It's out of the question, dear. This would be a nice one for while we're waiting."

"It's not the same," I said. "It's not the same at all."

"Now you're being silly," she said. "There's no difference at all. What you're thinking is just some sort of vanity."

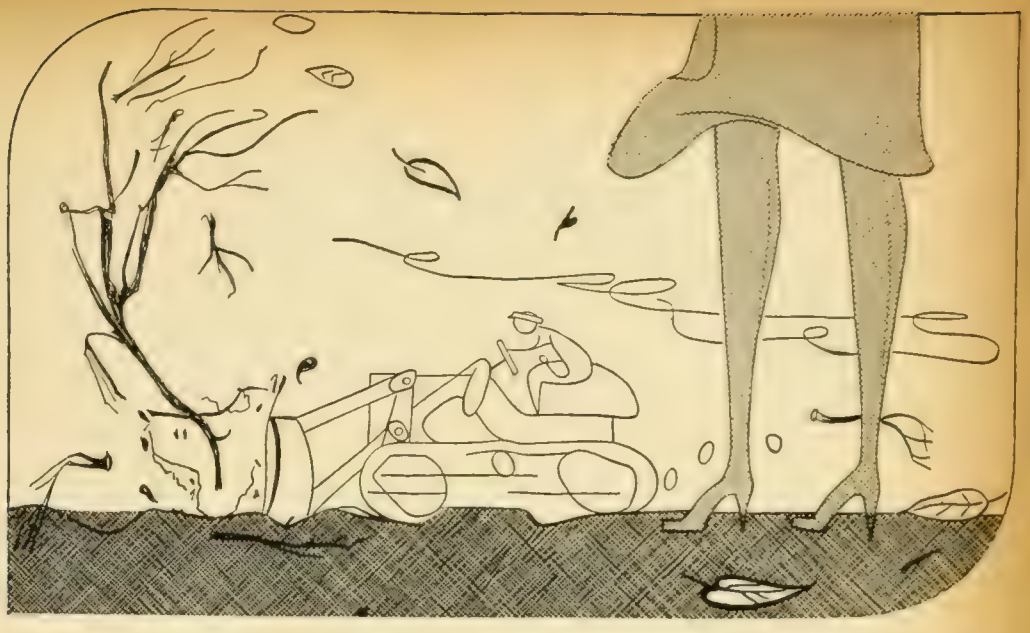
"What if it is?" I said stubbornly.

"You just wait," she said. "You'll change your mind. You'll be the one who wants to keep her."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said. "That's why I want to call the authorities—while one of us is still strong."

■ Betsy made as much fuss about the baby as Carolyn and Alberta had, and none of them, once the initial astonishment had worn off, seemed to think that there was anything at all unusual in having a newborn child pop unannounced into one's life. Chuck was as bad as the others.

"You know, dear," Carolyn said, when she and I sat down to lunch the next day, "I couldn't sleep last night. I kept lying there thinking about what that poor girl said in her note. You know: about how there couldn't be a nicer home for a baby than ours. It just isn't true, Joe. We have a frightful home, all torn up with careers,



and I don't know any more about raising children than any other mother knows."

"I wouldn't say that," I said.

"No, Joe," she said, "it's true. You remember how when Little Joe quit eating I didn't know what to do about it. You had to do it for me. You know you did."

"Now, that's nonsense," I assured her. "It was just a lucky strike for me, that's all. You wouldn't have had any trouble at all if you hadn't been so busy with all these other things. You can't be expected to do everything at once."

"I can't be anything," she said, "but a silly voice on the radio. I can't be a wife; I can't be a mother. Once last night I got up and peeped in at all of them, and I felt as if I'd betrayed them all. And then I thought—and this was selfish—how can I take on another person's child when I've so little time for my own? We have to give her up, Joe; there's nothing else to do."

Instead of working on the script that afternoon the four of us went over pretty much the same ground that Carolyn had covered at lunch. We had exhausted that and were sitting silently around, mulling it in melancholy, when the telephone rang. Alberta was upstairs feeding and fussing with the babies, and I answered it. The voice at the other end was that of T. Cranston Lydecker.

"Joe, boy!" he shouted over forty miles of wire. "Congratulations!"

"Congratulations?" I said.

"On becoming a father!" he said, laughing for both of us.

"Oh," I said. "Thank you."

"Fine reporter you are!" He went on. "The engineer eavesdrops and tells the network, the network tells the advertising boys, and it's past lunchtime when it finally gets to me. This is a natural! It's unbelievable! We've not only got another age group; we've got mystery and excitement! Unwed mothers, abandoned babies, and where but on the Lydecker Lotions show! I suppose you know we'll get two million dollars worth of publicity on it!"

"I hadn't thought of it quite that way," I told him.

"Tell you what," he said. "You and Bartlet start hustling around, get the machinery working to adopt the baby, and I'll start getting the press boys together. We'll have every reporter, photographer, newsreel man, and sob specialist in town out there before five o'clock! I tell you, this is terrific!"

"Hold on for a minute," I said. "I'll be right back." I joined the others in the living room and told them.

Chuck's face clouded over with a frown of disgust.

"That's low," said Betsy. "But I suppose it's business."

"It's exactly what I was talking about," Carolyn said wearily. "That's the kind of perfect home the child would have."

"We made up our minds, didn't we," I asked her, for confirmation, "to give the baby up?"

"If we hadn't," she said, her eyes hard and cold, "this would settle it."

I went back to the telephone. "Mr. Lydecker," I said into it, "we're not adopting the baby. We're turning it over to the welfare people."

"The hell you are!" he screamed. "You seem to have a hard time remembering that you're a part of Lydecker Lotions, and the business and the radio show come ahead of you or anybody else around you! Do you understand that?"

"Lydecker," I said, "as soon as I've called the troopers, I'm disconnecting the telephone. Nobody can call me, and I don't want anybody dropping in. If one reporter or one publicity man shows up, I'll set my dogs on him." He had no way of knowing that I had no dogs.

"If you dare go through with this," he said, "if you dare, I'll can the whole damn lot of you! Out in the street, all four of you!"

"All right," I said. "That's your privilege." He was still ranting when I eased the telephone back into its cradle.

"You going to call them now, dear?" said Carolyn.

"Might as well," I said, "and get it over with."

■ After the baby had gone we left the telephone off for four days, and if the reporters ever heard anything, at least none of them ever got to us. Emmet Rowley, who knows everything, called late in the week to demand the full story, and Chuck told him it was none of his business.

And Mr. Lydecker, his outrage cooled by the brisk winds of economic expediency, made no changes in his radio routine. But whatever charm or glamour the program had held for the Bartlets and Carolyn was worn off thoroughly now.

Chuck was the one who decided what we should do. He would go, he said, to see Lydecker and we would ask him to fire us. I went along with him, since I was the one Lydecker disliked most.

"We'd like to be released," Chuck told him, "when the option comes up for renewal."

"You would, would you!" Lydecker, managing to talk and sneer at the same time. "Oh, no, my boy."

"We want to get out," Chuck insisted. "You can get any number of people who can do the thing better than we can. And you know it."

"Why should I bother?" Lydecker demanded. "You've been doing it, and the audience is used to this script and these performers, and there's no earthly reason why I should make a switch."

"Suppose," said Chuck, "we just refuse to keep on?"

"Go ahead and try," said Lydecker. "I'll sue you for every goddam cent you'll ever make. You've never known what trouble is until you tangle with me. Go on now. Back to the hills and back to work. And don't bother me again until I call *you*."

After that I went to see Annamary Julian, my agent. She used my handshake, as was her custom, as a handle with which to drop me into my chair, and then she settled her comely Amazonian frame into her own.

"You been picking on columnists?" she boomed at me. "Been baiting a fat man named Rowley?"

"Nope," I said. "Maybe Chuck has a little, but I haven't. Why do you ask?"

She handed me a scrap torn from a newspaper. It said, "Joseph Dobbes, who's already figuring out the taxes on movie royalties for his upcoming Cock-Robin, will be relieved to know the book is finding it unusually chilly for California. Even the Hollywood lending libraries won't take it. He still has the didie-hour for lunch money."

"What the hell?" I said. "At least he had the decency to spell my name wrong."

"Best way to kill interest in a thing," Annamary said, "is to say nobody's interested. He's good at that. We probably just lost a hundred thousand of movie money. Just like that."

"We did or we didn't," I comforted her. "So what? What could I do with a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Give me ten of it," she said ruefully.

Then I told Annamary about our talk with Lydecker.

"Well," she said, "at least you've all seen the light. That's the biggest hump we've had to get over. Maybe we can think of something now to return you to the land of the living. Might buy out. Take more money than you've got, though. Only other thing is get fired."

"That's always cheaper," I said, "and a lot cleaner."

"You wouldn't mind being fired?" she asked hopefully. "Wouldn't wound your pride, say?"

"Of course not," I said. "I enjoy being fired."

"What about the others?"

"I suppose," I said, "they could develop a taste for it."

She gazed calculatingly at her desk and then at me in the same way.

"I got a plan. Might hurt, but I think it's worth it. You go home, forget about everything for a couple of days. Let old lady Julian take care of everything."

■ It was the day after that that things began popping. A little after seven o'clock the boy from the drugstore brought the papers.

"Pretty awful, Mr. Dobbs," he blurted, full of excitement and wonder. "Rowley's column in the *Dispatch*."

"Best story around the networks," it said, "is about the two sweet young things who run a morning broadcast on how to raise kiddies. Simple, sincere, chatty thing based on their own wee ones. Most hepsters have known all along the program was hokum, with textbooks giving them the know-how, a hack writer grinding out the homey stuff and two governesses handling the kids. Last week it developed the welfare agencies know all about it too. They took away a foundling some naïve listener had left with one of the girls. No tears, though. Both of them are back in the smart clubs every night, making gay cracks about their sponsor's el-v-t-d shoes."

I was reading it through for the third time, in morbid fascination, when Carolyn came through the room. I folded the paper so that the column was uppermost and handed it to her. She read the thing through with a growing look of puzzlement on her face.

"That's the awfulest thing I ever saw," she said slowly. "And it isn't the tiniest bit true. Why does he say a thing like that?"

"I have the first faint stirrings of a suspicion," I said.

She headed for the telephone, and I could hear her talking incredulously first to Betsy and then repeating it all to Chuck. Then she came back in and sat down to read the thing again.

"I think I'll make a little call myself," I said.

■ Annamary Julian answered the phone. "I don't suppose," I began, "you've seen the morning papers?"

"Seen the *Dispatch*," she said. "Waited up for it."

"That's what I'd figured," I said. "I wonder where Rowley got his information."

"Somebody gave it to him, like as not," she said. "You know how loose talk gets around. Rumors and such. You'd think a guy with his experience'd be more careful. Prints an awful lot of stuff without verifying it. Get him into trouble one of these days."

"It gets a lot of other people into trouble too."

"It'll get you fired," she said confidently. "Business about the built-up shoes is a real clincher."

"A thing like this, Annamary," I said, "could not only break us. It could ruin us."

"Wouldn't worry a minute," she said. "Whole story's false and you can prove it. Have a retraction in a couple of days. Probably first in the man's career. I notify him you're suing for damages. Four hundred fifty thousand."

"Are you crazy?" I said. "I don't want to sue anybody for damages. Especially when you tricked him into it."

"Not sue," she said. "Offer to sue."

"The plot," I said, "is getting thicker than I can stir."

Chuck and Betsy were in the living room when I went back in, and Carolyn had told them all that she knew. I reported the conversation with Annamary to them.

"I've got goose pimples this big all over me," said Betsy.

"You're chilly," said Chuck, who was rather gleeful about the turn of events. "You're standing on thin ice."

"Have you had breakfast?" I asked them. They had not.

I went back to the kitchen. I clasped Alberta's shoulders and shook her with great glee. "Honey lamb," I told her, "we're all being fired. All four of us, out into the cold."

"When?" she asked instead of why.

"Right this very minute," I said. "While you're standing there delaying my breakfast, they're writing out the little blue slips. You can forget about that sick brother, girl. You're cooking for decent folk again."

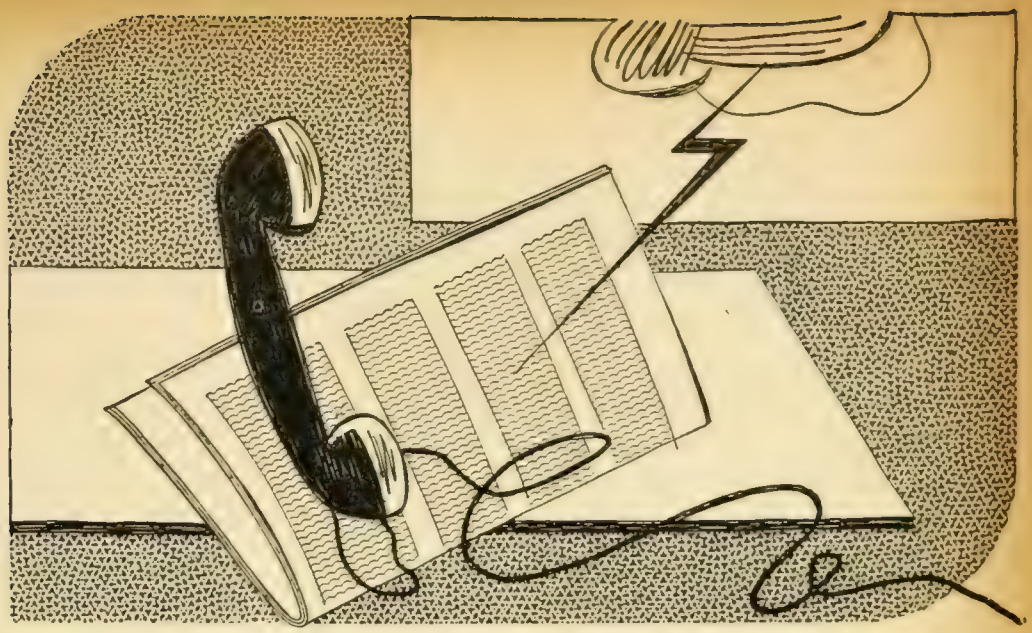
She was baffled, but my good spirits warmed her. "Scramble the eggs," she told herself. "Four ways round."

We were still at the breakfast table when the telephone rang.

"New York is calling," the operator said. "Mr. or Mrs. Joseph J. Dobbs. Mr. Lydecker is calling."

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and yelled to the kitchen. "It's T. Cranston. You people better listen in upstairs." Carolyn, even in her anxiety, remembered to make the conventional remarks about not having made the bed yet, and the three of them crept up the back stairs.

"Hello," I said into the telephone.



"Dobbs!" the thing spat at me. "Have you seen the papers?"

"Yeah," I said. "They sent them early today."

"Well," he shouted, "what have you got to say?"

"I've got nothing to say. You made this call, not me."

"You're in no position to get funny! You've made yourself and the radio show and me and Lydecker Lotions all the laughingstock of the city!"

"I hope," I said, "you're not the sort of person who believes everything he reads in the papers."

"That's got nothing to do with it!" he said. "You've just ruined a hell of a good radio property for me, that's what you've done! Well, you're through now, Dobbs!"

"I hate to run," I said, for the purpose of baiting him, "just when you're being the nicest, but the engineers will be here in a minute for the broadcast. Business before pleasure, you know."

"Oh, yes," he said, and he sounded a little happier. "The engineers will not be there this morning, and they won't be there tomorrow morning, nor the morning after that. I have already called the network, and they're arranging a nice little substitute for your phony little broadcast."

"All right, Buster," I said. "That's just dandy. You *do* mean we're fired?"

"That's exactly what I mean," he said cheerfully. "We are replacing you and your little gang today with a new program."

"I don't suppose you'd reconsider?" I said. "After all, you know, you're taking the word of a very unreliable columnist that the show is phony. You haven't even asked us."

"I can spot a phony around the corner and halfway down the block. And I don't have to ask anybody anything. Any time I decide to replace you, I replace you just like that!"

"Tobias," I said, certain that he loathed his name, "I have a little surprise for you. You're not replacing anybody. The show is our idea, the title belongs to us, and we're fully protected on it. We took a slight precautionary measure some weeks before you or anybody else ever saw the thing. We put a copy of the prospectus and the sample script into a nice big envelope and mailed it to ourselves—registered mail. My lawyer has it in his safe now, just covered all over with the registry stamp with the date on it. I hope you won't be disappointed."

"You've been had, Tobias," I went on, ignoring his outburst, "but not by us. By a guy named Rowley. The whole story is a pack of lies."

"Oh, sure," he said with bitter sarcasm. "I have no doubt of it."

"Even the part about the shoes," I said sweetly. "Goodbye, Mr. Lydecker."

■ The girls were already pretty tautened so that it would have been impossible for them to do a broadcast even if Mr. Lydecker had let them. Chuck and I pushed them out to take a walk with the kids. We sat down by the telephone, certain that there was more to come.

The advertising agency called, quite troubled but very nice withal. We explained that the Rowley story was untrue, that we had been fired and did not particularly care. The newspapers began calling a little later. Chuck got the first one, and he treated the reporter with great glee.

"That's right," I could hear him saying. "Lydecker found out that none of us are married and one of the kids has two heads."

I answered the next call, which was a good thing. "New York is calling Mr. Dobbs," said the operator. And finally another voice came in, this a rather tired one. "Mr. Dobbs? This is Ellsworth Stanton at the *Dispatch*."

"That's something to be proud of," I said, with restrained bitterness and concealed delight. Mr. Stanton is publisher of the paper.

"If what I hear is true," he said, "I've done you a great disservice."

"Two," I said. "Earlier in the week you killed a hundred-thousand-dollar movie contract for me. This morning you destroyed a steady income of fifty thousand dollars a year and slandered my wife. You have a very capable columnist, Mr. Stanton."

"Mr. Dobbs," he said, "I have always taken a great deal of pride in my work and in my newspaper. When I was a younger man and the operation was smaller, I was able to keep a closer watch on it. I wish I still could."

He paused and I said nothing. When he spoke again it was with more difficulty.

"One's columnists," he said, "can be a heavy burden on a publisher. You can't check every word they write, you can only hope that they have some basis for what they say. I hadn't read Rowley's column this morning until your agent, Miss Julian, telephoned me to say that there was no basis in truth in what he said about you and your radio program."

"That's right," I said.

"Miss Julian said," he went on, "that she had no

doubt the item would cost you your radio program."

"It did," I told him.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "Miss Julian said that if such a thing happened, you intend to institute a damage suit against us for half a million dollars. Whether you do or not, I want you to know that I am deeply ashamed of what has happened. In your place I should do exactly what you are doing. We have killed the paragraph in the syndicated column, and a full retraction and repudiation will be published tomorrow—prominently and over my signature. You will still be free to sue, of course."

"Oh, forget that," I told him. "We're not suing anybody."

"That's very decent of you," he said. His voice somewhat lighter. "You might like to know that Mr. Rowley is leaving the newspaper business simultaneously with your leaving the radio. His contract is for another fifteen months, but I have decided, Mr. Dobbs, to pay Mr. Rowley his regular salary for fifteen months without using his column. He won't be writing for anyone else during that time, and after that, I don't think anybody else will buy his services. Mr. Rowley will be untusked by time."

"I hate to see a thing like that happen," I said, "even to a guy like Emmet Rowley."

"He won't starve. Mr. Rowley could buy out the newspaper tomorrow if I'd sell it."

"In that case—" I said, and left it there.

"Thank you again," he said, "and the next time you're in town I'd like to buy you a drink."

"The first time I'm in town," I promised him.

"What on earth is going on?" Chuck said as I laid down the telephone.

"Get me a glass of water," I said. "I'm feeling a little weak."

■ The Bartlets' cream-colored convertible bumped around the curve and stopped in front of the house. Betsy climbed out of one side, Carolyn the other.

"Hee, ho," said Betsy. "Tired but happy." She kept a few steps behind Carolyn as they approached, and she asked a question with her eyebrows. I smiled at Carolyn, nodding almost imperceptibly to Betsy, and Carolyn gave me a quick kiss of greeting.

"Well!" she said, "We've certainly done enough shopping for one afternoon. All those things I've been meaning to get for weeks. Anything happen while I was out?"

"I think one delivery man showed up. Whatever it was, I told him to throw it in the living room."

"I'd best be getting up the road," Betsy said suddenly, turning so that she faced the car. "Chuck's probably going crazy with both those boys on his hands."

"Why don't you leave them with the cook," I suggested, "and come back down for tea?"

"Okay," she said brightly. She maneuvered the car around and was away.

Carolyn put her arm through mine and we walked back to the house, Little Joe tagging along behind.

"Alberta!" Carolyn called. "Would you put a kettle on? I want to make tea!"

"Make tea nothing!" the shout came back. "Any tea making around here, I make it myself! Want nobody tramping around my kitchen!"

"Thank you!" Carolyn was bellowing as she came into the living room. She spotted it immediately and broke off in a long gasp. "Oh, Joe!" she said shakily. "It's beautiful!" She stood there, momentarily unable to move.

"Oh, Joe!" she said again, and threw her arms about my neck.

"Mummy guy?" asked Little Joe.

"I don't think she will," I told him, blowing the hair out of my mouth. "She feels all right."

Carolyn darted over to the piano, ran her fingers caressingly over the wood and sat down on the bench. She played a scale, turned quickly, and stood up.

"I'm too excited," she said, sniffling a little. She ran back over to me and there I stood again with my mouth full of hair.

Alberta came bouncing in, looking pleased at having shared the secret and kept it well. "Awful lot of noise and carrying-on," she declared. "Don't want to hear that thing going all day long!"

Carolyn laughed weakly. "You shut up," she said, "and get back to your work. It's my piano and I'll play it all I like."

Alberta grinned happily. "And you," she said, shaking a finger at Little Joe, "you keep your grimy little hands off it altogether! You hear me?"

"Nuh!" screamed Little Joe. "Go, Buhya!" He held his arm out rigid, pointing to the door. Alberta cackled and as she passed him she bent and swatted him lovingly on the behind. He snorted at her, his face struggling to keep its stern solemnity.

Carolyn sat down again at the piano, put a hand out to the keyboard and drew it slowly back.

"Wuss dat?" said Little Joe.

"Piano," I said.

"B'garra," he repeated.

"Look, ma!" I exclaimed. "Three syllables!"

■ "It's good weather for writing," said Chuck, after tea. "The air is lousy with inspiration and vitamins."

"I feel like ten thousand words a day," I said.

When they had gone I brought Willie in from the dining room and put him on the rug in front of the fire where he could crawl. He grinned foolishly with his four teeth as Little Joe sat down beside him.

"You like your little brother?" I asked him. "Isn't he a nice little baby?"

"Aye," Joe said brightly. "Wook, dahya!"

He began bobbing his shoulders up and down, looking hopefully at the baby. Willie watched him without expression for a minute and then began to raise and lower his own. Joe thought it uproarious.

"They do that all the time now," said Carolyn. "He never b-i-t-e-s the b-a-b-y any more."

"Chicken, dear," I asked her, "how do you feel these days? Let down? Not enough to do?"

"Silly!" she said. "There's enough around this place to keep three women busy. Look at those two hellions."

I looked at them, and they looked pretty damned wonderful to me.

"There's one thing, though, dear," she said. "Betsy and I were talking about it on the way home this afternoon. You know how important it is that children shouldn't be spaced too far apart, three or four years between them sort of thing, and we were thinking—"

"Oh, Lord," I said. "Both of you?"

"Well," she said, "we were just talking about it."

"Have you decided what to have yet?"

"I think," she said, "this one should be a girl."

"It's about time," I told her. "When's all this to be?"

"Well," she said, "Betsy and I both thought we ought not to waste any time."

"I'll bet you did," I commented. "Who brought up the idea in the first place? Not that it isn't a very good one."

"I suppose I did," she confessed. "This was my sleep-late morning, and you know the way when you're waking up slowly—"

"I know," I said. "I've had it described to me." ■■

Liberty home

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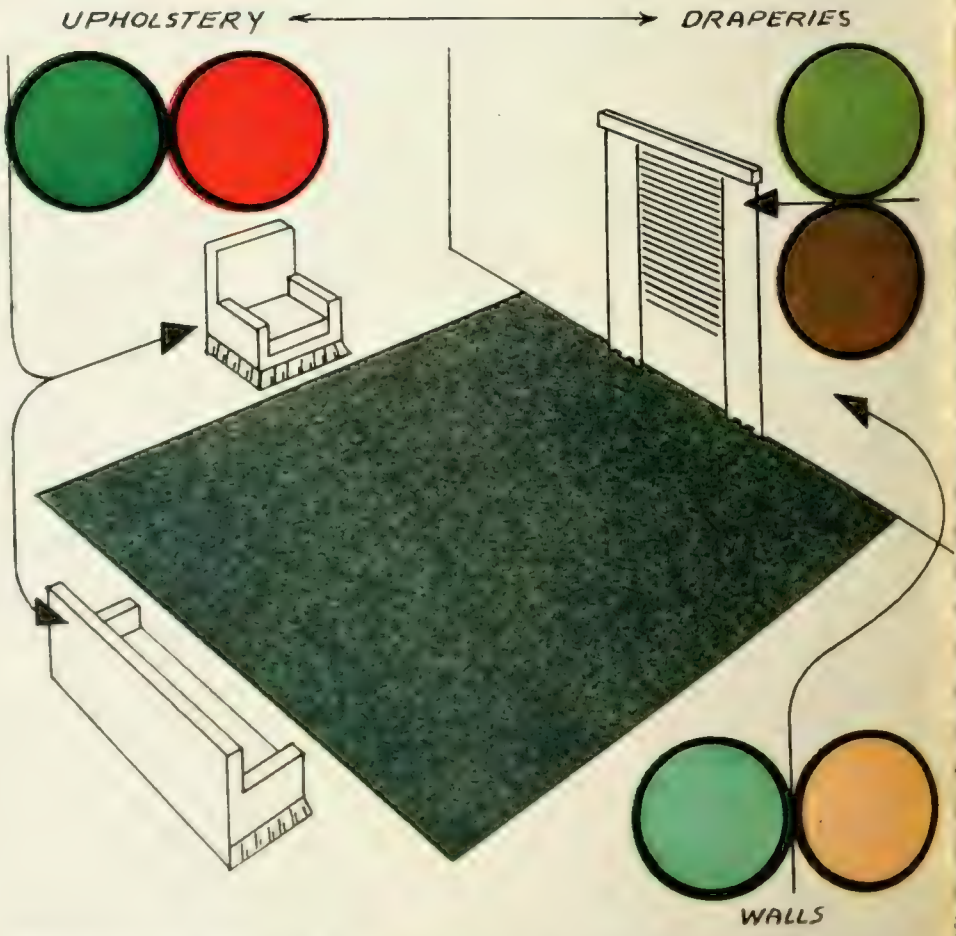
BOTH OLD AND NEW IN LIBERTY'S LIVING ROOM

Not very many families can afford completely new furnishings at one time. Most of us like to mix the old with the new, traditional with modern. Liberty's living room this month does just that. We've combined the old of pine corner cabinet and fireside chair, the modern of bleached-finish tables, and the classic lines of the sofa—and with an adaptable color scheme of gray, soft green, and touches of red, drawn them together into an easy-to-live-with family room.

Carpet, "Imperial Argonne," $90 for a 9 by 12, C. H. Masland. Chairs, $29.95 each; sofa, $179.50, Kroehler. Coffee table, $30; round table, $34; end table, $25; bookcases, $42 each, Heywood-Wakefield. Floor lamp, $45, Kurt Versen. Table lamp, $22, Rembrandt. Wallpaper, "Ridgewood," $2.45 a single roll; draperies, $3.40 a yard, Schumacher. Curtains, "Kwikpleat," under $6 a pair, Home Curtain Co.

Accessories, Designed for Living, New York, N. Y. All prices are approximate.



These color schemes go with Alexander Smith's "Floor Plan" carpet, Series B (about $100 for a 9 by 12).

COLOR SCHEMES FROM CARPETS

A carpet is the foundation of most rooms. You can see why: it covers the largest area, sets the color scheme of a room. Since it's so basic to a room's appearance and represents a long-term investment, you'll want to shop carefully.

First, decide on size. Wall-to-wall carpeting makes a room seem larger or blends two small rooms together. But if you're not settled permanently, room-size or smaller carpets are easier to move and easier to clean. In either case, stores will parade this season's patterns before you: the new economical wool-and-hair broadfelt in pastel or deep tones; multicolor Axminsters; solid-color velvets ("broadlooms"); and rich, sculptured-effect Wiltons.

Don't feel you must pick a "popular" shade. Instead, choose your favorite colors. Remember that a multicolor carpet limits the use of other patterned fabrics in the room. On the other hand, it may be just the thing to co-ordinate colors already in the room or highlight your favorite picture.

The colors and samples here (and on page 48) will help you choose a carpet and color scheme. Note that one carpet can be the basis of several different color plans. Put samples on the floor and line up the various curtain, drapery, and upholstery fabrics. Look at them carefully in different parts of the room under different lights. And when you're sure you're right, order the carpet.

Bigelow's "Fervak" patterned carpet lends itself to these or other color plans (about $6.75 a square yard).

Choose either subdued or bright colors for this Mohawk "Marlborough" carpet (about $9.50 a square yard).

Sofa, $179.50, and upholstered chair, $89.50, Kroehler; table lamp, $24, Rembrandt; coffee table, $24.95, Mersman. Prices are approximate.

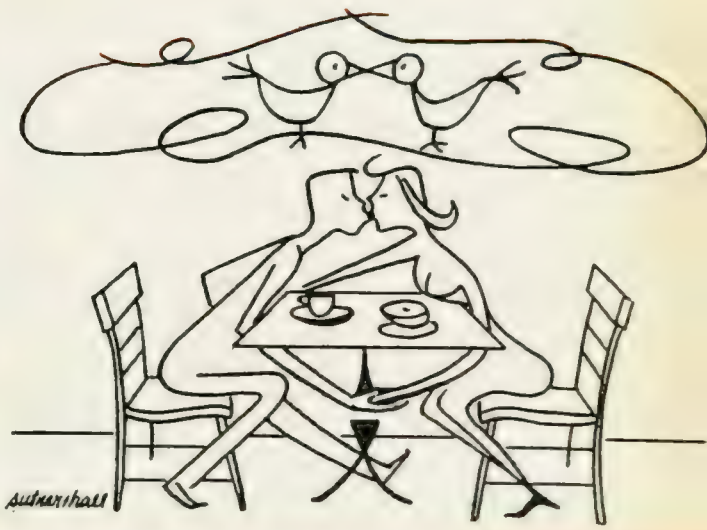
■ *It shouldn't be necessary to push chairs around when neighbors drop in or the family confers on vacation plans. Nor need simple entertaining be a bugaboo. Just center a friendly group around the "main attraction" in your living room—perhaps the fireplace or a deep sofa. You probably have the ingredients at hand—comfortable seating, roomy tables for smoking or serving accessories, good lighting—but you may want to try a better arrangement for more ease and convenience.*

Radio-phonograph console, $149.95, RCA Victor; upholstered chair, $79.50, Kroehler; lamp, $26, Rembrandt; commode table, $29.95, Mersman. Prices are approximate.

■ *Your living room should be the comfortable center of family activity, the spot where you naturally congregate to pass your leisure time. If you're adding new furnishings, make sure they are functional as well as decorative. Are there good reading and listening spots with comfortable chairs, such as we show here, efficient lighting, handy tables for books, pipes and such, shelf space, a radio near by, if music is a family habit? If not, try rearranging before you shop for the additions.*

"Write-Away" chest-desk, $79.50, Cavalier; wall lamp, $16, Kurt Versen. Prices are approximate.

■ *Call it your "budget corner," or what you will—but most family living rooms should have a corner set aside for such serious business as keeping track of family accounts, for study or correspondence that's all too easily put off. A dual-purpose piece such as a combination desk and chest (you need storage space in the living room, too, for family papers, recreation equipment, perhaps table linen and accessories if your dining area is small) and flexible lighting are its basis.*



Console table, $39.95, Mersman. Schumacher wallpaper and Masland carpet are those used in Liberty's living room (page 42).

■ *Many a family, in this postwar building boom, prefers one big living-dining area to two smaller rooms with different functions. Dining in this way is efficient if you make sure your table is near the kitchen. A console table saves space when not in use, but is quickly set up for meals, off-hour bites, or a game of cards. Add small side chairs, cabinet and drawer space for dishes, silver, and linens, and this group becomes a complete unit within your well-organized living room.*

FOOD

A BUMPER CROP OF BLUE-RIBBON SECRETS

by Beulah Karney

■ *It's Street Fair time again. The excitement on Main Street in every small town in America is crisper than the autumn air.*

Women line up for the household exhibit, where each contestant is hopeful of winning a blue-ribbon award for her specialty.

Mrs. Faulkner makes grape conserve with that so rare combination of pink Tokay grapes, grapefruit segments, and lemon rind, the sweetness of the grapes wedded to the tartness of the citrus in true gastronomic harmony.

Mrs. Stapleton makes chutney to bring that glint to your eye (sour apples, onions, and raisins). And who'd ever think a teaspoon of chili powder was the seasoning ingredient?

Mrs. Tevis makes watermelon preserve that boasts grated orange rind and, bless you, you'd think you were eating marmalade.

Mrs. Musser makes Persian-melon pickles with a touch of mace. Come to think of it, Mrs. Golladay's watermelon pickles were pretty wonderful, too, with whole spices and thin slices of lemon and orange tied in a little bag so the syrup wouldn't darken, as it does when ground spices are used.

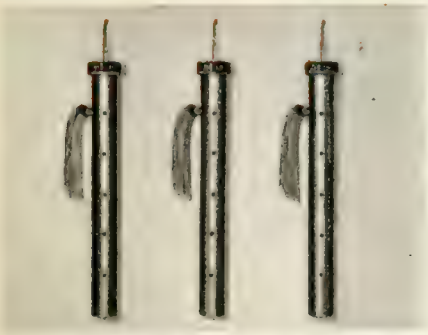
(Continued on page 65)

LIBERTY SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

On this page Liberty's Home Editors tell readers about some of their recent finds in household aids.

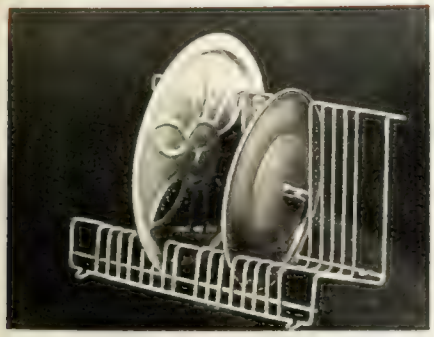
Sanford's attractive desk set with Lustron inkwell and iridium-tipped pen spurs neglected correspondence. Department and stationery stores, about $1.50; refills, 10 cents.

Men in the family will appreciate a hanger which holds trousers from inside the cuff and stretches out wrinkles. Department and notions stores, about 75 cents.



E-Z-Do's refillable metal fumigator for moth crystals protects clothing and brightens closets. Choice of four colors, 12 inches long. Department stores, about 90 cents.

Shake, mix, and store everything from salad oil to Junior's chocolate milk in a flexible plastic Vacu-Mix with tight seal. Department and specialty stores, about 50 cents.



It's easy to store assorted lids and covers in a Lid-Crib, or to pick one from the lot. Fits on wall or shelf. Department and housewares stores, about 95 cents.

Watertight Bluette rubber gloves with elastic-knit lining for easy slipping on and off, and a special gripping surface. Pioneer Rubber Co., Willard, Ohio, $1.25.

Dixon's Enduro home or office sharpener gives every pencil a fine point. Plastic and metal, three color combinations. Department and stationery stores, about $6.

Lengthen the life of clothing and sporting goods by spraying with Aqua-Pruf water repellent. Drug and chain stores, four-ounce bottle and sprayer, about 90 cents.

Hitch a new kind of fun to your piano!

Read how you may enjoy the Solovox for 3 days ABSOLUTELY FREE!

With the Solovox, you hitch a new kind of fun to your piano.

You have a second keyboard on which you play cello, clarinet, sax, and dozens of different instrumental solo effects to piano accompaniment.

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☐ Check, if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ. 10

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1948

COLOR SCHEMES

■ *Here's a bevy of carpets with possible color schemes. They're not arbitrary. Juggle your favorite colors around until you find the combination you want, or play with these schemes. But watch yourself—use bright colors sparingly.*

WALLS DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY

"Startex," by Mohawk, about $8.95 a square yard.

WALLS DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY

"Fervak," by Bigelow, about $6.75 a square yard.

WALLS DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY

"Saxony," by Alexander Smith, about $6.50 a square yard.

WALLS DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY

"Ceredo," by Bigelow, about $9.50 a square yard.

WALLS DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY

"Provincial," by Firth, about $85 for a 9 by 12.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

"Hampden," by Mohawk, about $6.95 a square yard.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

"Beauvais," by Bigelow, about $9.25 a square yard.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

"Good Harmony," by Firth, about $110 for a 9 by 12.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

"Royal Victory," by Mohawk, about $5.55 a square yard.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

Floor-Plan Series A by Alexander Smith, about $69 for a 9 by 12.

DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERY WALLS

"Marlborough," by Mohawk, about $9.50 a square yard.

DECORATING for under ten dollars . . .

. . . EVERYONE LOVES HALLOWEEN

Even the humblest budget, when coupled with imaginative shopping and invention, will produce Halloween decorations your neighbors will talk about forever

12	motto snappers at 40 cents a dozen	$.40
6	tissue balls at 15 cents each	.90
2	pumpkin lanterns at 25 cents each	.50
3	cut-out pumpkins for light fixtures at 25 cents each	.75
1	large tissue ball at 50 cents (House Products Corp.)	.50
1	package paper napkins at 25 cents	.25
1	package paper plates at 25 cents (Paper Art Co., Inc.)	.25
12	Safedge banded tumblers at 10 cents each (Libbey Glass)	$1.20
3	yards black oilcloth 46 inches wide at 59 cents a yard (Columbus Coated Fabrics Corp.)	1.77
2	Halloween pumpkin candles at 75 cents each (Emkay Candles)	1.50
3	rolls orange flameproof streamers at 10 cents each	.30
3	rolls black flameproof streamers at 10 cents each	.30
10	folds mandarin orange flameproof crepe paper at 10 cents each	1.00
1	fold black flameproof crepe paper at 10 cents (Dennison Manufacturing Co.)	.10
		$9.72

The beautiful Duo-Therm Hepplewhite period furniture model, in rich, new mohogany finish.

Slash fuel oil costs up to 25% with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING everything your money *should* buy in a heater for your home unless you get all these:

Real oil economy . . . clean, workless heat . . . fine period furniture styling.

But *only* a Duo-Therm heater gives you all three. Here's how and *why:*

Power-Air saves up to 1 out of every 4 gallons of oil!

Actual tests in a cold Northern climate *prove* that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air *cuts fuel costs up to 25%.* (This saving alone can pay for the cost of your Duo-Therm.) Only the Duo-Therm heater has Power-Air Blower.

Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air really moves the heat, too . . . gets heat into hard-to-heat corners . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you more heat and more comfort at the living level.

Save on oil with Duo-Therm's exclusive Burner

The Duo-Therm Burner is a fuel-miser, too. It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (a Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame *—gets more heat out of every drop of oil.*

The Duo-Therm Burner transfers more heat to your home *quicker,* because its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the lightweight steel heat chamber . . . *hugs* the chamber walls. There are no moving parts—nothing to wear out. And it's utterly silent!

And it's so easy to heat with a Duo-Therm. Light your Duo-Therm on the first cool day. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a handy dial.

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Every Duo-Therm's a fine piece of furniture

Yes, Duo-Therm is the *only* heater with genuine period furniture styling. And only Duo-Therm heaters have the magnificent new duo-tone mahogany finish—a new Duo-Therm development!

There's a Duo-Therm heater to fit *your* needs because Duo-Therm makes a *complete* line of heaters—offers a model for every purpose and pocketbook.

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See the complete line of Duo-Therm heaters at your local dealer's now. Meanwhile, send for the free, 12-page Duo-Therm heater catalog that shows the whole line in full color.

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Lansing 3, Michigan
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"How good can a pencil get?" asks Mr. T.

As good as a DIXON TICONDEROGA...and that's really top-notch! From its rich, long-lasting leads to the sturdy eraser locked in the famous green and yellow Plastip, TICONDEROGA behaves like an angel. Smooth, easy writing and good, clean erasing,.. fine character references for

DIXON

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THE FAMOUS PENCIL WITH GREEN AND YELLOW PLASTIP

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J10, Jersey City 3, N. J.

WILD STREAK

Continued from Page 21

able for all the young men thereabouts. She'd never been engaged and said she never would be, but she had given kiss for kiss many's the time. And she gave Laird back stare for stare, but briefly, turning to father. "He's breathing harder now, too," Millie said. "I came to find you."

In wintertime father kept busy as a doctor, the profession he had given up to follow his preferred pursuit of ranching. Signaling me to find his small black bag under the fur robe in the bobsled, he told Millie he'd take her horse and she could drive us home. It would be, father said, the quickest way for him to get to Harry Blake.

Later, when we all sat around the stove at home, Millie said she had ridden across the potholes.

"I missed the road," she told us, "once or twice, but it's the quickest way to get here." Millie shivered. She had the courage of a man, but that strange tumbled country called the potholes was a dangerous place. However, they were better known to me than my own hand, and Millie Blake dared cross them any time.

With the red stocking cap pulled off and her dark hair all softly tumbled on her head, her skin glowing from the stove's heat and her big eyes sparkling in the lamplight, she was so beautiful I did not wonder Cousin Laird stood there, frankly staring.

At breakfast in the morning, while Millie ate with hearty appetite, she slanted her mocking glance at Laird from time to time—glances that Laird returned until she left the house.

■ Next day, Laird was quick to say he would take medicine to Harry, and had the horses saddled before I knew what he was about.

"I'd think at least you'd want to drive the cutter," I said petulantly after we had started. It would have been a chance to play at being Indian, a game at which Laird was even more adept than I. I was disgusted, especially after we had reached the ranch and Laird stayed on and on, exchanging words and looks with Millie. It was the girl who saw, at last, that I was near tears with frustration. She came across the tiny living room and put her arm around my shoulders.

"What do you do all day, now that the teacher's gone?" she asked me.

"I used to have good times with Laird, until the other night when he saw you."

She laughed and swept her lashes down across her eyes and looked at him beneath them, but she kept her arm around my shoulders too.

"You let me know when school begins again," she said. "I'm going back to study while I can." Before he'd been a rancher, Harry Blake had been a bookkeeper; he'd had some schooling. He'd never married. He'd felt it was a miracle that Millie had been left to him to rear, and he had given her freedom, only insisting that she get schooling where and when she could in that new land. She was, of course, a wild and willful creature, but she had, too, a quick intelligence and deep affections.

"I have been thinking," Laird said a few days later, "there's not much need for me to hurry south. What would you think if I stayed on and taught a while, until your teacher can return from Portland?"

"That would be splendid," father said, while I, of course in silence, cast Laird from my tribe and planned to scalp him. "I knew," father continued earnestly, "you'd measure up to what we'd hoped for you."

My stepmother was not so gullible, however.

"We are all fond of you," she said to Laird. "We will be pleased to have you with us all this winter, but if you stay, you must forget this plan to spend your freedom gaily. No man is free, Laird. Take care that while you're here you stir no heart so deeply it will bleed for you when you have gone."

"I'll see to it," he promised earnestly. "I'll be the one to take the hurt, if hurt is coming." With that he smiled, and the room was gay again.

■ He meant to keep that promise, too. I know, because he made us all work twice too hard that first day he taught school, including Millie. He vexed her with his sternness, but she came back next day to prove she could do better.

Laird changed, too, in those weeks. Much of the gaiety went out of him, and he was often silent. I felt no pity, however, until the day we stayed late, Millie Blake and Laird and I, to decorate the schoolhouse for a dance. We were festive with expectation, and Laird's gaiety returned. It fired Millie. She made a dunce cap from the paper we'd been cutting, set it on his head, and stood there, laughing.

I saw Laird's face. It changed in one swift moment from a carefree boy's to a man's, stirred to passion. He reached his arms out slowly, as if compelled, while Millie came toward him with that same relentless urgency. They kissed as naturally as though love had been forged for the first time. By them.

Laird was the first to pull away. He gave the girl a quick apology, and after that we worked at full speed till our tasks were finished.

It was already dusk when we drove home for supper.

"It will be better if we all forget that kiss," Laird said presently. "It meant nothing to Millie. Nor to me. It won't, of course, happen again." He slapped the lines sharply upon the horses' rumps. "I am a free man," he said then, defiantly.

"I doubt if I will get to the party tonight," he said later. "A teacher's life's a hard one," he continued, and he flashed me his gay smile, but it was brief.

There was astonishment at supper when he said he would not go to the dance.

"You're far more serious-minded than I had supposed," my father said, and presently we dressed and started for the schoolhouse.

At the schoolhouse I saw Millie scarcely danced at all. Then Laird rode into the school yard on horseback.

They saw each other from across the room, and they began at once, the two of them, to move together. From that time on the dance belonged to them. Since I was near my stepmother, I saw her anxious glances; but my father, for some curious reason, seemed to pay the young people no mind. Not even later, when Laird told us he was driving Millie home. I did not comprehend father's new patience until much later when, wedged between them in our cutter, I heard him explain to Leah.

"I'm glad Laird changed his mind and joined us at the party," father said. "There was a letter from his mother, Cousin Bella, in the mail today. It seems that Dora is coming west with friends. She didn't approve of Laird's taking this year off," he said dryly. "She thought him wild enough right there in Boston. I gather from what Bella says the girl is sweet but dogged. She thinks the city limits big enough. Perhaps tonight will be the boy's last chance to enjoy the freedom he thinks he has."

"When will she be here?" Leah asked, and I could feel the apprehension in her small slim body beside me.

"Tomorrow," father said. "The letter was delayed. We'll drive to town to pick her up."

It was, however, Laird who drove to town. During the night father was called to tend Dan Becket, who had slipped on the ice in his barnyard, stabling his team after the dance.

■ I can remember seeing the pale tenseness of Laird's jaw when Leah told him at breakfast about Dora.

"She's coming here?" he said, and he half whispered.

"You'll have to drive to town to fetch her," Leah told him gently. "You can stop by as you go past the school to tell the children." It meant he would be telling Millie, too.

I asked to make the drive with him.

"Of course," he said. "I might get lost without you." And it was true he had come out from town only once—the day he arrived.

I was in the schoolhouse when he made his slow announcement, the words held calm by will, his manner easy; but after all the younger children had fled homeward, shouting, Millie Blake remained.

"She is a girl you knew before?" asked Millie. Her smile was tender and her eyes were unperturbed. Laird put his hands upon her shoulders.

"Dora Webber is the girl I am to marry," Laird said. He did not turn away at sight of the quick spasm crossing Millie's face. "I should have told you sooner," his voice was flat. "I've been a coward. Nobody knows it better than I do."

"Why, no," Millie said slowly, "no. You couldn't be a coward." She drew a deep breath, and her chin went up. "I am paid back for all the thoughtless kisses I have given," Millie said.

There was no bitterness or animosity in her low voice. "She must be very sweet, this Dora, if you love her," Millie said, and left us with her quick lithe step.

We beat the train by some five minutes. I was surprised to see the pretty, modish creature who descended from the cars and stood there alone, with a huge pile of luggage, on the tiny platform. Laird did not run to greet her. He moved slowly. She stood imperiously, smiling, waiting for his kiss.

We wrapped her up as best we could and put her in the cutter. I can recall that what impressed me most was her repeated exclamations.

"Why," Dora said, "this is a dreadful country! The train went for hours across great flat white spaces, and here you have them all around you, too." She shivered. "I didn't know what I was getting into."

As days moved past, it troubled me that Millie came no more to school. It may have troubled Laird some, too. He did not tell me. He kept as busy as a man with two heads full of notions, not only with his schoolteaching, but even more with driving Dora here and there. He seemed intent to make her love the country.

"It's no use, Laird," she said impatiently one night. "I am in mortal terror every minute I spend in this strange wild country."

One day, returning home from school, I told Laird how I missed Millie.

"I miss her too," he said in a low voice. "But," he continued doggedly, "I'm not in love with anyone. I'm free."

It seemed a simple matter to go see her. I wondered I had never thought of it before, and when one Saturday the sky was clear, I saddled up my horse and spoke to Leah.

"Don't cross the potholes," she said in her usual warning, and told me to tell Millie about the dance to be held in the schoolhouse to honor Dora. "Tell her," said Leah, "we'll be happy if she comes." She paused. "Dora is leaving soon," she said, "and Laird goes with her."

"Laird going too?" I almost wailed. "He said he had a year."

I was disturbed at sight of Millie. She was too thin; but, what was more dismaying, her eyes seemed sunk and dull and lusterless and inattentive.

"Have you been sick?" I burst out presently.

"Sick?" Millie said. "Why, no." She thought I asked because she had not come to school. "I had some sewing half done," she explained, "and Uncle Harry's taken so long to gain strength, I have been worried. I had thought, too," she said more lightly, "there would likely be no school, with Laird returning home to Boston."

"He hasn't left yet," I told her eagerly. I gave her Leah's message about Dora's party.

"I scarcely think," she said, shaking her head, "I can get there. The weather's due to turn now any day, and blizzards shut us off here for a month or so each winter."

"You've got to come," I said. "Laird missed you."

The hand that held my cup of hot tea trembled. Millie used both hands to bring it to the table.

"Don't tease me, Mary," she said sadly.

"I wouldn't tease you," and I turned and hid my face against her shoulder, my tears not understood even by me. I could not bear, somehow, to see Millie so humbled. I had told her the straight truth—Laird said he missed her; but after that, somehow the truth became submerged in my desire to bring some happiness to Millie's face. "He isn't happy," I said positively. "He wishes he were marrying you."

"He mustn't say such things," she whispered. "He mustn't even think them." But I was pleased to note, in spite of father's frequent promise that I would be struck down by the Lord in quick reprisal for a lie, that I not only remained standing but had quickened Millie's eyes to life again.

She came to Dora's party. That was a night to stay at home, too. I can recall how Dora cowered against Laird in the bobsled. It must have seemed to her death stood at hand, and yet, since we were sponsoring the party, we must go.

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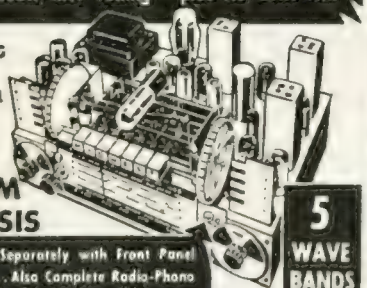

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blindfold, but our way was straight between two fences, and we were covered with robes and snuggled down in straw inside the sled. Even so, it was with real relief we heard my father's shout that we had reached the schoolhouse. Finding neighbors there, the schoolhouse warm, and food already being spread on the tables made even the pale Dora rally.

Millie greeted Dora with composure, smiling; and even when she put her hand in Laird's to dance, her voice was gay. But conscience kept drawing my eyes to her face, and so I saw her when she thought no one was looking. I saw her in the moments between smiles when, watching Laird, she saw him bending over Dora. No one could say of Laird he failed to do his duty to Dora that night. And Millie suffered.

At ten, Nate Burdle came to speak to father.

"I wouldn't want to spoil the party," Nathan said, "but snow's still falling. We'll eat a snack and start for home. We have a farther way to go than most of you." It was a signal for the manners of the others, and one by one they drifted to the loaded tables and helped themselves, said good night, and started home. Even late-comers grew uneasy. Tad Slocum, who had only just arrived, kept looking at the door until he, too, sought my father.

"I haven't seen Flo Becket," he said.

"Flo Becket?" father said. "She's home with Dan. He's still not walking on that leg."

"She started out without him," Tad insisted. "We stopped in there, and she was right behind us when we left the Becket yard. We haven't been here long, but she should be here now." His bleached brows furrowed as he looked again toward the door. "That baby of hers must be due purty soon," he said, "but she's been mad at Dan ever since the night he got drunk and broke his leg."

"We'd better try to find her," father interrupted, and when he'd talked to Leah, she said she would go with him. If Flo were lost, or if her baby came tonight, help would be needed.

■ It was arranged that Laird would drive them to the Becket ranch, my brother, David, in his woolen wrapping to go too. Dora and I, my father said, were to wait for his return. If father were held at the Becket ranch all night, Laird would come back for us.

Dora was calm enough seeing them go. It was not until the last few guests were putting on their wraps that she began to realize we would be left alone. Except for Millie.

Millie had been serving cakes and pies and coffee. I think she did not know until she turned around and saw no one but Dora and me standing there that we'd been left alone. She would have put her wraps on, too, to go, but Dora startled both of us with a sudden wail.

"I won't be left alone here!" she cried. "What was Laird thinking of?"

"I'll stay," Millie said instantly, but Dora turned on her.

"We need a man to get us out of here. Laird should have stayed. He had no right to go." She beat her hands together and began to cry, and walked around the room, stopping at every window to peer out at the relentless whirling snow.

"He's always doing wild and thoughtless things," said Dora. "He shouldn't have let me come out here at all, and now he's left me here to die." By now she was nearly hysterical.

"He will come soon," said Millie soothingly.

"Soon?" Dora cried. "How do you know? What if he dies out there himself? This is a blizzard. I want to go home now, before it gets worse."

Until that time I'd never seen an adult panicked. Dora seemed to me much more alarming than the storm outside.

"I'll not forget this," she announced, half screaming. "I'll keep it fresh in Laird's mind till I die."

I can remember the shocked rage that whitened Millie's face. She took a swift step forward, and I thought for a minute she meant to strike Dora. Instead, she rolled down her sleeves and smoothed her skirts, fighting for composure.

"I'll take you home," she told Dora quietly. She made full sure before she left, however, that there was wood to keep the stove hot while I waited there for Laird. "He will be here before long," Millie told me. "I'll stay the night at your house."

Laird came not long after they had left. I told what had happened.

"Good God," he said, "they shouldn't have started off alone!"

■ I comprehended his anxiety when we set off against the raging wind toward home. We crouched in the bobsled, robes around us, shouting to the horses, straining to determine if they moved. It would have been a nightmare except that Laird kept talking to me between shouts. He said Flo Becket had turned back halfway to the schoolhouse. They'd found her safe at home, the baby coming, and all of them had been kept busy for a while. Father and Leah and young David would stay there all night. We'd fetch them in the morning.

"Unless," he added, anguished, "we are still searching drifts for Millie's body." He did not speak at all of Dora, not even after we had reached the house to find it dark.

He drove the team into the barn and saddled the horse he'd ride when he set out again. He took me to the house, tossed like a sack of meal across his shoulder, and lit a lamp and got our big stove started. His hands were stiff and blue, and there were white spots on his cheekbones, but he seemed not to notice, grimly hurrying to care for me before he started out again.

"They could have missed the turning," I suggested, trembling. "They could be lost among the potholes."

"That's where I'm going to look for them," he said.

At that black moment we heard Millie calling. Her voice was far away. Laird was outside and running long before I reached the door.

When he returned, he carried Dora. Millie came painfully behind him, her full skirt stiff with frozen snow to well above her knees. Her lashes,

rimmed with frost, seemed to be iced in place around her staring eyes. Laird put the other girl into a chair, moved it to the stove, and piled blankets around her, and suddenly he turned and without any warning gathered Millie into his arms.

Dora was talking.

"I've always known you had a wild streak, Laird McCrae," and so absorbed was she in her hot accusations she did not even turn to look at him. "I might have died tonight. I can't think of any gentleman in Boston who would leave a girl to die alone."

"I might have killed her," Millie whispered. There was a strange and moving horror in her eyes. "She spoke against you and I could not bear her words. I'd thought to prove you had known best in telling her to stay and wait. I was a fool. I brought her through the potholes."

Halfway through that treacherous devil's acreage, the horses had balked. So Millie turned them loose, and goading Dora, dragging, sometimes carrying the girl, she got her home.

"I'd only meant to prove to her that love asks no questions," Millie said.

"You'll have to change," Dora was saying. "I will not marry anyone who isn't thoughtful. I wasn't well when I was younger, and I'm not strong yet. You know that, Laird. You know how careful I have always had to be, yet you deliberately left me there alone tonight. Laird!" She turned, wondering at his silence. "You'll have to change before I'll have you," she was saying—and then she stopped.

Laird, lifting his mouth from Millie's, answered her.

"I'll never change," he said, and I know now he spoke to both the girls. To one he meant to say that she was right, he was too wild, while to the other he was reaffirming what his lips had promised hers from the first. "I'll never change," he said. ■■

FRAME-UP

Continued from Page 15

And then Lila said, "Oh, look! I think I knew some of those boys!"

I tried to make warning motions.

Above the cash register was a picture of a bomber crew sitting below the nose of a B-17.

"Say, Cliff—this one is you," she said.

I tried to wave her silent. If she got Silvers talking about his son Hiram, we might miss dinner. "Yeah, that's me. Come on."

"You said you didn't fly."

"I was ground crew. I'm hungry."

"This one," Silvers said, pointing. "Did you know him?"

"Yes; that's Hy. I knew the boys by their nicknames."

"Hiram was my son," Silvers said. "He gave his life for his country." And he was off. Silvers didn't know his son had died a coward and worse.

I explained that the bomber was named Haley's Comet because the crew chief's first name was Haley and he was called Comet.

"Here's Gene," she said. "I remember him."

"He was my brother."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Cliff."

I pointed to the tail gunner. "And this—"

"Yes," she said, "I knew Paul Reed." She said it in a way that implied she knew him in a way she didn't like to recall.

We went to the cabin to wash up. When Lila appeared from her side of the partition, she held a printed card in her hand.

"Did you get one of these? It was on my bed. It might be fun. It says, 'Good for five dollars free play at the Pioneer Club.'"

We had dinner, then looked up the Pioneer Club on a dark street. An oil lantern flickered over the doorway of a weathered structure. The sign, PIONEER CLUB. GRAND OPENING, was of cardboard tacked to the door.

"Definitely a joint," I said.

Inside, the place looked like an old-time saloon. A woman met us, dressed like a picture of my grandmother and wearing a big false mustache. She said, "Welcome to the grand opening," and handed me a red beard and Lila a black mustache. Definitely corny, I decided, but Lila clipped the mustache under her nose happily. The only customers so far were five men, wearing whiskers, at a stud table. The woman asked if we had cards, and told us to take our free play at the

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wheel. The man running the wheel wore the plaid suit and derby of the old-time dandy. He gave us each a stack of chips for the cards.

And then for awhile I forgot everything else. I'd never had it hit me before—the hot fever, the burning that blots out everything else. I wasn't a gambling man, so this was new to me. I kept winning more and more. Chips piled up before me. I began using chips worth a dollar apiece, then five, then ten.

Lila tugged at my elbow. "Cliff, we'd better go."

I couldn't stop. What finally stopped me, I had a hunch on number thirty. The dandy in the plaid suit said, "I can only stand four chips, if you hit." I took off all but four chips. The little ball plopped into number thirty.

The dandy brought a shoebox from under the wheel. "That's all, brother. Here's the bank."

The box was stacked with money. Ten-dollar bills in packets of a thousand dollars. I asked, "How much?"

He shrugged. "Twenty-five thousand."

Lila tugged at my arm. "Let's get out of here." She hurried me across the room, but paused at the door. "Wait."

She crossed to the table where the five bewhiskered men were playing poker, and gave a sharp jerk at the beard of one fellow. The man gave a surprised grunt. Lila's hand flew to her mouth. She fled.

"That wasn't polite," I said when we were outside.

"His beard was real," she said. "Cliff, it was *real!*" She looked back apprehensively.

"I guess I'm just imagining things," Lila said as we came into the main drag. "It's impossible."

"What is?"

"I'd just been looking at that picture of the bomber crew. Was everyone lost when the plane didn't return?"

"Yes; the air crew. Why?"

"Well, I—maybe it was just the jitters. Cliff," she said as we reached my car, "let's go. Let's get out of town."

"Go?" I laughed. In the lighted street, things seemed different and I was still hot with the fever. I'd never felt it before, because I wasn't a gambling man. My business was selling canned milk. I slipped a thousand-dollar packet into my pocket, put the shoebox in the tool compartment, and locked the car. "I'm hot. I'm going to break another bank by morning!"

She made an impatient gesture. "O.K. But I won't be part of it. I'm going. Good-by."

"Maybe you're right." I handed her the car key. "You drive to the motel and hide the money. I'll see what I can do with a thousand."

She looked at the key and then at my face. "You've never seen me before in your life."

"But I'll see you again." I hadn't known her long, but that's how I felt about her.

I went into the Last Chance Club and bought a hundred-dollar stack. But now it was different. I still had the hunches, but they didn't pay off.

I shoved my remaining chips across the board. "Cashing in."

"Why don't you play those out?" the house man said.

I'd never heard a Nevada dealer urge someone to keep on. He shoved some chips into my pile. "Here's a sweetener."

I'd never seen that before, either.

Then I noticed the place was empty of customers. The house men were standing at strategic points, watching the outside door.

"Cashing in," I said.

The house man took an awfully long time to count my chips. He was up to sixteen when he gave a little sigh of relief and ducked below the wheel.

A cop had come in the door. He came in fast, one hand on his gun. "Don't move, Mac," he said to me. "Keep your hands where they are." He came up behind me, patted my pockets and under my arms, then took the nine hundred dollars from my coat pocket.

"What is this?" I said. "A hijack?"

The head of the house man appeared above the wheel. "Remember who tipped you off, Fred."

"Sure; thanks, Joe," the cop said. "Is he alone?"

"Somebody seen a girl with him outside. She drove off in the car. Utah license."

"O.K., Mac," the cop said to me. "Where is she?"

"Look, you're pulling this stuff on the wrong guy, pal," I said. "I'm no tourist. I know people. My name is—"

I reached for my billfold and the cop beat me to it. He examined my business card, driver's license, and so on.

I said, "I'd advise you to give me that dough and get out of here. People know me. I've been making this route twice a month since the war ended. If you don't want to get in trouble—"

"Yeah. Pretty cute," the cop said. "A good alibi."

"Don't forget who tipped you off, Fred," the house man said. "I spotted the serial numbers on those bills."

My stomach suddenly felt heavy. "What about that money?"

"You wouldn't know," the cop said. "You wouldn't know it was part of the kidnap ransom dropped from the plane last night."

I swallowed. "Officer, there's been a mistake. I can explain this money. I won it on a roulette wheel."

"Including a band around the packet," the cop said drily. He took me outside. A ring of curious people were standing about, and another cop was there, keeping them back. "There was a girl with him. Black car with a Utah license," my cop said. "This guy's name is Clifford—J. P. Clifford."

"O.K., Fred. I'll check the hotels and courts."

A long yellow coupé drove past. I wondered if it was the yellow car I'd seen ahead on the highway when I stopped to pick Lila up.

"We're at the Hiram Motel," I said. It was bound to come out.

When we got there, my car was gone. Lila's room had been cleaned out. She had skipped with the money. "She was here," I said. "She had that room. She beat it."

"Double-crossed you, huh? Who was she?"

I told her name and the license of my car. Fred nodded at the other cop, who went to the police car to give a radio alert. Fred said, "They'll pick her up. What I don't see is why people try stuff like this out here. One road. Block the road and you're stuck."

"The whole thing was planned ahead," I said furiously. "That's why she was sitting out there waiting for me. That's why those cards were on the beds. She steered me to the joint. It's a put-up job. I walked into it, like a damned fool."

"Sure," Fred said. "But why not start from the beginning?"

I told what had happened. The other cop drifted in to listen. When I had finished, the cops looked at each other speculatively. Fred shook his head. The other cop shrugged.

"Look, Mac. This Roberts kid is snatched. Why? For dough. So why should anybody plant twenty-five grand of it on you?"

"To throw the blame on me."

"No, Mac. Sure, I can see it for a thousand. Maybe even five. But nobody in his right mind is planting twenty-five grand in cash money on you. Why don't you come clean?"

"But it's not twenty-five thousand. All I got was one thousand. The girl took the rest of it."

"If you handed her the dough, that was your fault. Nobody cooked that up ahead. Your story's full of holes."

As we drove out of the court I noticed a car's headlights come on a block down the street. The lights followed us to the Pioneer Club, went past and around a corner. They belonged to a yellow coupé.

"That car!"

"What car?" Fred asked.

"That long yellow coupé. It's like the one ahead on the highway when I picked Lila up."

"Too bad we can't get a law passed about yellow cars on the highway." Fred surveyed the weathered front of the Pioneer Club dubiously. The lantern was gone and the sign had been taken from the door. "This joint? It's been closed for years."

"It was open tonight," I said.

■ The door was locked. Bill got in through a side window. When he unbolted the door he was wiping cobwebs from his face. He said, "So this is where you won that dough?"

As the flashlights moved about inside, I had a creepy feeling. Everything was covered with dust and cobwebs. The big brass cuspidors were corroded. The bottles were gone from behind the bar and the mirror was broken. There was no sign of a roulette wheel or the dusty stud table.

"Well?" Fred said.

"It beats me," I said.

"We've humored you, Mac. Now let's have it, huh?"

"Let me try, Fred," Bill said. He stepped close, jostling me, and shined his flash in my eyes. "I don't know why we got to be nice to a baby snatcher."

There was nothing more to say. I waited for it.

Then the light in my eyes suddenly jerked away. I couldn't see anything; there was the confused impression of action, a curse, a grunt, a thud. The handcuffs attached to both me and Fred began pulling me to the floor, and then I went down and out.

I woke up in blackness, with a throbbing pain behind the eyeballs. As I got to a sitting position, my hand struck the flashlight. Its beam showed the two cops spread-eagled on the floor, their outstretched wrists fastened to braces of the brass rail with their own handcuffs and a piece of wire. Lying beside Fred's right foot was a big false mustache. Both cops had adhesive tape over their mouths; both were unconscious.

I went outside. The police car was parked in front.

■ I went inside again. The cops were still sleeping. I felt in Fred's pockets and found a key ring. I released the handcuff from his right wrist and untwisted the wire from his left. Then I stripped off his uniform and trussed him up again to the rail. I took off my suit and put on the uniform. It wasn't a bad fit. I picked up the big false mustache and burned it down to ordinary size with a match. It would do in the night.

Yes, impersonating an officer is a crime. But I was involved in kidnaping. A man charged with murder will hire the best lawyer money can buy to prove he's insane. It's all relative. As a cop, I could do a little research into what was behind this thing. On the face of things, I was convicted.

I went out to the police car. As I got in and switched on the dash light, I saw a piece of paper on the seat. Penciled on it was a note:

Cliff,
I'll see you in Reno.
LILA.

I gunned the car out of town. Yes indeed, my beautiful little crook, you will see me in Reno. With bells on.

Within three miles I came to a road block. The uniform and police car got me through without trouble, and I drove on. Presently the radio informed me that my car had been found in Lovelock, but the girl was still at large.

As I flashed by a parked car, it honked, and at the same time I recognized that long yellow coupé. In the mirror I saw its lights come on and swing into the road behind me. I put the throttle to the floor and worked the police car up to eighty-six, which was just all it would do.

I had about a mile lead before the coupé worked up speed. Then it crawled up on me. Its headlights flashed bright, the passing signal. I took the center of the road.

As I skidded wide on a bend the coupé swept up alongside and a voice called, "Stop, you fool! Are you trying to break your neck!"

Lila was driving the yellow coupé.

I stopped in a hurry. She pulled off the road just ahead and I lost no time piling out and running to the coupé. She was alone in it. My flight bag was beside her on the seat. "Cliff, you've got to get rid of those clothes. I'll explain everything later. Hurry! Here's your bag."

I grabbed her and dragged her from

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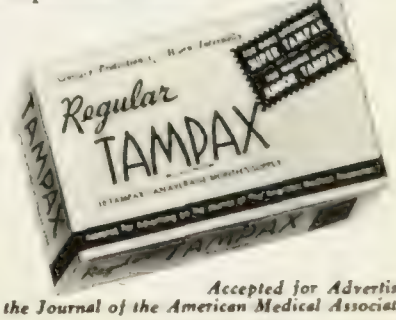

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the car. When I found no weapon on her I pawed through her purse, then investigated the tool compartment.

"Don't forget to strip me and rip the seams of my clothes!"

"O.K., sister," I said. "But I'm taking over from here."

"Oh. You're taking over. The strong he-man. O.K., take over! Stick your fool head in a noose, for all I care! How far do you think you can get in a stolen police car with a stolen uniform and a comedy mustache? It was good for running that road block, and I was waiting for you beyond. I risked my silly neck catching you, trying to help you. O.K., take over! I'm through!"

I felt a bit foolish. "Look, I'm sorry. But look at it my way. Things started to happen when I met you—"

"Cliff, let's not fight. Don't mind if I blew up. Take your flight bag and drive that car over the hill and change clothes. I'll wait here."

■ I drove off the road and up the little hill. Despite everything, I had a warm feeling. Lila was helping me. She was somehow involved in this as innocently as I was. That was important.

The radio spoke up: "Attention all cars. Attention, F.B.I. The kidnaper is headed west on Highway 40, between Lovelock and Fernley. Headed west on Highway 40, between Lovelock and Fernley. J. P. Clifford, age twenty-seven, five feet ten, medium brown hair, gray eyes, weight one sixty-eight. He is disguised in police uniform, wearing a false mustache, driving a stolen police car, license—"

I snapped off the radio. Lila had popped up in time's nick.

The car lurched over the top of the hill. Something was rolling between the front and back seats. And just then there came a wail.

I stopped the car, switched on the dome light, and looked between the seats. Something was moving under a pink blanket. From it appeared a small curly head and a face screwed up in injured indignation.

"Mommie!" it yelled. "Mommie!"

"What in heaven's name," Lila cried, running over the top of the hill, "are you doing to that child?" She cradled the baby in her arms, making crooning sounds. "Don't you have sense enough to pick it up?"

The kid's howl became a wail and then a whimper and then a coo, and then it went back to sleep.

"I didn't know the kid was there. I didn't check the car over. I wasn't buying it."

"We've got to be frank, Cliff. What *about* this baby?"

"Look here, I don't know any more about it than you do."

"I see. You don't have an idea who this baby is?"

"Sure I've got an idea. Ten to one it's Scootie Roberts."

"All right, and where did you get her?"

"I told you! The first I knew about the brat—"

"All right, don't yell. I'll wait for you."

She went over the hill with the child. I got my flight bag from the police car and began stripping off the uniform. I had one leg out of the pants when I heard the whine of a starter. I ran over the crest of the hill, holding the pants. The twin taillights of the yellow coupé were speeding west along Highway 40.

It was obvious that I had been presented with the police car for the express purpose of getting the baby through the road block. Lila had left the note on the seat. She had been waiting. I had handed her the baby with the same bemused trust with which I'd given her my car key and twenty-four thousand dollars.

I got into my suit. One thing I knew that Lila didn't: The alert was out. There would be another road block.

A car swung around the hill from the east, the headlights straight on me as I stood atop the little hill. The lights swept past, but a spotlight came on, pinning me in its cone.

The car stopped. "No funny business," a voice said. "Where's the police car?"

"Over the hill."

The spotlight snapped off. A man got out. It was Silvers, greasy overalls and all. He had a revolver in one hand, a flashlight in the other. We went over the hill. He flashed the light between the seats of the police car.

"Where's the baby?"

"The girl took it." I told him what had happened.

He gestured with the gun. "Let's go." At the car he said, "You drive," and I began going west again.

■ Where Silvers fitted in baffled me. Around Lovelock he was known as tight but honest.

"Cut her down," he said. "Not over sixty."

From habit I was going seventy I said, "Or else what?"

He saw the point. "Please, Mr. Clifford! I can't stand it! I've been in two smash-ups. I can't stand it! Please!"

"Toss that gun out the window."

He tossed it out. "Now, please! Not over sixty!"

I eased down to sixty-five. "Now, where do you come in?"

"I want that reward."

This was so obvious an explanation that it jolted me. Silvers was just trying to earn an honest dollar. "Ten thousand dollars," he said, savoring it. "I kept my eyes open tonight. I heard what you told the police at my motel. I went to the Pioneer Club a little later and saw you putting on the police uniform. And the baby was in the police car."

"Why didn't you stop me then?"

"I had to go back and get my gun."

"Why didn't you call the police?"

"What? And get beat out of the reward maybe?"

I didn't pursue the matter. He was a little too glib with the answers, but it was just as well not to let him know I knew it.

After a while I slowed down for an underpass, and when I made the turn I saw flares flickering ahead and red lights blinking. It was a road block.

"Here," Silvers said, shoving something into my pocket. "Keep your mouth shut and let me handle this."

I pulled up. A man in a gray suit, smiling but alert, came alongside. Three cops stood by. My face was stiff. I recognized this smiling man.

"Sorry to stop you," he said, "but there's—"

"Hello, Roy," Silvers said.

"Oh, hello, Silvers."

"Going to Reno. This is Hank Lane. Cousin of mine."

"Hello, Hank. I believe I've—"

"Sure, I've seen you around, too," I said.

The smiling man gestured and we got out. "Can I see your driver's license, Hank?"

I began going through my pockets, muttering about my other suit. This gave me an excuse to keep my head ducked. It was sheer coincidence; you bump into people you knew in the war. This smiling man had been an M.P. in the guard detachment of my air base in England. Of course an air base is a big establishment. We knew the M.P.s by sight when they might not know us. Too, this man's big grin made him stand out. We'd called him Laughing Boy. He was looking for J. P. Clifford, a kidnaper. Obviously he had not connected that name with Captain Clifford of the air base (assuming he'd ever known my name) or he would have recognized me instantly.

I drew a black billfold from my pocket. I'd never seen it before. Laughing Boy said, "Thank you," and had it. He thumbed through the plastic leaves.

"Car's O.K., Mr. Lewis," a cop reported.

Laughing Boy gave me the billfold.

"O.K., men; that's all."

I drove on. Silvers said, "That was easy."

He fished the billfold from my pocket. "Lucky I brought that."

"Who does it belong to?"

He shrugged. "People are always leaving stuff in my cabins."

When we were rolling into Reno on East Fourth, I said, "Lila might still be here, if she got through that road block. The question is, where?"

"Let's try the phone book. Emmett will be open. Emmett Food Shop. It's right near here, over—"

"I know the place. Emmett is a customer of mine."

■ The Emmett Food Shop was a combination newsstand, soda fountain, delicatessen, cigar stand, and grocery, a little of everything and not much of anything. The opening door tinkled a bell, and Mrs. Emmett came through a curtain at the rear. She was a striking woman, about fifty, with prematurely white hair and with features and a figure still good enough to lend credence to the yarn that she had once been a Follies beauty and, before she married Emmett, the wife of a millionaire.

"Well, Mr. Clifford," she said, "working late? I didn't expect you around until tomorrow."

Then a crazy thought flashed through my mind as I noticed her ring. It was an antique ring of carved gold. It was the kind of ring worn by the woman in the Pioneer Club.

Of course it was crazy. But I thought, Now, if you should put Mrs. Emmett into her grandmother's dress, with a brown wig and a big false mustache, and put her in the Pioneer Club, I might never know her. A crazy idea.

"I'm not working," I said. "Just want to use the phone."

In the phone booth, I found Lila Bowman listed at the Cal-Nev Apartments. I rang the number. Her voice said, "Hello," and I hung up.

When I came out of the booth. Silvers had gone outside. Mrs. Emmett's husband had come in. I asked where the Cal-Nev Apartments were. As Emmett told me, I had another idea.

He was tall and lean, with an outdoors look and a friendly manner. I thought, Now, if you took Emmett and put him in a plaid suit and a derby and false whiskers and set him behind the wheel at the Pioneer Club— But of course it was fantastic.

When I went outside, Silvers and his car were gone. I walked.

Four cars were parked in the Cal-Nev drive, including that yellow coupé. The name plates by the buzzers indicated Lila Bowman had apartment seven. The front door was locked, but the back door was not.

Apartment seven was on the third floor. Light showed under the door. I found the door unlocked, and went in.

Luggage was stacked in the center of a rather small room with a high ceiling. Lila was directly across from the doorway, seated on a settee. Her hands were behind her back, and there was a cord lashed around and around her pretty ankles. She yelled a warning as I came charging in. Something konked me from behind.

To be continued in the next issue.

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TOUCH AND LEARN

Continued from Page 17

how I know, but I know it is *"land."'*

"I said to my assistant, 'What have we done with this word we haven't with others?' She said she did not know, unless it was that I had written 'land' in large letters on the board and said to him, *'Lester, run your fingers over it; feel of it.'*

"Now, I had never heard of such a method, except the Montessori method of tracing the letters to learn the alphabet. But I remembered I had taken the boy's hand in sheer desperation and had had him run his first two or three fingers over the *entire word.* So I took him at once to the board again and had him trace 'house,' 'table,' and other simple words.

"Every word Lester traced *as a whole* he could later recognize in type. He rarely forgot a word.

"From then on we steadily built up Lester's vocabulary, word by word. At the end of five months we gave a big party and invited all his former teachers and some members of the University Science Club. Lester stood up before the whole group and read.

"After this famous party, Lester went back to his former school and made eight grades in the next five years. Also, his so-called badness disappeared like magic. It always does when we open this new world from which the children have been shut out.

■ "No one," continued Dr. Fernald, "is able to say just how many cannot learn to read by the visual methods which are now universal. The best estimates are it is not far from one-fifth to one-quarter of all children. The absolute zero readers are unusual. We have had about a hundred. But there are thousands of children who cannot learn to read much beyond the second- or third-grade level with the extremely visual methods now in use in our schools.

"We have gone to the extreme," Dr. Fernald added, "in having children learn almost entirely through their eyes and ears. We have found they also learn through their bodies, their muscle senses. We call this the kinesthetic method. Strangely enough, this method helps them in arithmetic.

"We must get the notion out of everybody's head that these poor visual readers are abnormal or defective. I think they have a superior way of learning. They somehow get it down in their muscles and nerves, and their memories are wonderful."

One thing Miss Fernald emphasizes is that both zero readers and all children who cannot learn by the usual visual methods, develop inferiority complexes. They are called "bad" children because they are ridiculed and scolded or else they finally develop chronic fright and fear reactions because they know they are failures. They have failed and failed so long, they become loaded down with negative emotions.

Hosts of parents and teachers will want to try the methods of Dr. Fernald and her associates, so let us

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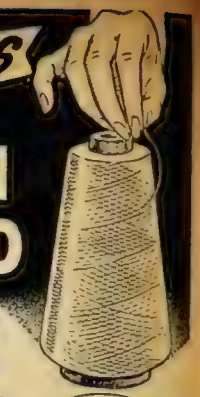

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review them in a little more detail so parents and teachers shall not be misled. This outline is for extreme disabilities only. Tracing is often not necessary in cases of partial disability.

1. First, the word is written in blackboard-size script. If the child has been taught the new "manuscript" writing, large printed letters must be used instead of script. (Dr. Fernald prefers script.) The child traces the word, making sure his fingers are *all the time* in contact with the paper. He traces it as often as he wants to. The paper *must then be removed from sight.* If the child looks back and forth at the copy, he breaks the word up into small, meaningless units. This always makes poor spellers, because the child fails to connect the sound with the word form for reading.

2. After tracing, if he does not write the word correctly, have him trace the word again *as a whole.* Remove the incorrect word from sight and do not have him patch up the part he has written by erasing and substituting the correction.

3. He must pronounce the word syllable by syllable as he traces it, either to himself or out loud, and then pronounce the entire word as a *whole.* He must use words that he wishes to use in some sentence or "story." Miss Fernald always begins by having him write something he is interested in as a "story."

4. Each word must then be shown him, typed in regular-size print. (Miss Fernald has sanctioned my own suggestion that if you do not have a typewriter, you should show him the word in clear print in a book or a magazine.)

5. The child must finally write the words on cards. Each card must be filed under its appropriate letter in a small file box. This enables him to look back in the future for any word he may have forgotten. Since at first most of the writing is on pieces of paper, a rather large file box should be used. Later, as he writes them on cards, a smaller box is better. It is also excellent practice in teaching him later to use the dictionary, *which he will soon be doing.*

6. While the words are first written in story form, they must later be typed in columns separate from the context in the case of older children so he will recognize the word wherever he sees it. This applies to older children. They do not do this with the younger ones.

7. This tracing period with zero or almost zero readers lasts about two months on the average. One case was able to abandon it after a month, and one continued it for eight months.

■ In conclusion, Dr. Fernald said she wished to emphasize three points very strongly. "First of all," she said, "not all children should be taught by this method. Children who learn easily to read by the visual method could be confused and slowed up by our method. They learn easily anyhow.

"The second point is that poor spellers who can read well usually do not need to trace. We teach them to look at a word in script, then remove it from sight and have them write it without looking at the copy. There is no better way of making bad spellers than having them write from dictation or copy words in front of them. If words are dictated, the fast learners get them all right, but the slow learners get behind, feel hurried, and become confused. If they copy the word while *looking at it,* they tend to copy it one or two letters at a time. They look back and forth from their writing to the word and never get a complete picture.

"We do away with penmanship as a separate exercise and use this tracing method of learning to write with our first-grade babies. It is only necessary to have a teacher who writes a good hand. They thus learn to read, spell, and write all at the same time because

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"Whose sins you shall forgive," Christ said, "they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:21-23). Thus Christ authorized the Apostles, and their successors, to pardon or to deny pardon as they judged the sinner worthy or unworthy. To do this they had to know what they were forgiving... the secret dispositions of the sinner... his sorrow and willingness to repair the wrong done to his neighbor by his sins. Who could make this known but the sinner himself—and what is this but Confession?

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they learn words *from the start as wholes.* By this method, used judiciously, our six-year-olds learn to write, read, and spell correctly such words as hippopotamus, rattlesnake, roller-coaster, tricycle, and the like.

"The third thing is absolutely necessary to success. The child who is a zero reader or very poor reader must be taken away from his classmates until the process is *complete.* If he is put back with his classmates and does any tracing or anything different from what they are doing, they make fun of him, or at least he will be self-conscious, and he stops right there.

"Some children will read normally in five or six months. Some take ten or twelve months. The average is about six months. But if you stop before the child reaches this stage, it is worse off and more discouraged than if you had never begun." ■■

GRAPES OF CASH

Continued from Page 27

are little short of miracles. The grape growers and the wine makers have paid off the banks and now own the 26,000 commercial vineyards and the 422 wineries, valued at $500,000,000, practically free of debt. Production in California, which makes 90 per cent of the country's wine from grapes, reached 157,000,000 gallons in the 1946-47 vintage year. In the bumper year of 1946, the grape harvest yielded $264,000,000.

The little-known wine-making industry, which touches the lives and joys of so many Americans, abounds in believe-it-or-not paradoxes. One is that, despite the fourfold increase in consumption of wine in this country, to a gallon a year per capita, the American's appetite for wine still is nothing compared to that of the Frenchman's, who downs 42 gallons a year; the Italian's, who drinks 25 gallons; or the Spaniard's, who consumes 22 gallons.

"We are just beginning to be a nation of wine drinkers," declares Wine Institute secretary-manager Caddow, who foresees the time, not far off, when wine making will break into the category of billion-dollar industries.

Though wine can be marketed in all but three remaining prohibition states — Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Kansas — two-thirds of the wine produced by American vintners is enjoyed by the people of seven states—California, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Louisiana.

Another confusing ambiguity in the American wine scene is that, so far as the trade is concerned, California wines are not American wines. To fathom this double-or-nothing riddle, it is necessary to delve lightly at least into grape and wine lore.

The California wine industry was founded not only on European grape varieties but was built by immigrants from Europe or their sons and grandsons who cherished Old World vintage traditions. The first California wine makers were the Franciscan padres who planted cuttings of Spanish grape types in the mission gardens about the time that the American

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Revolution was taking place. Some of these original vines still flourish, one at San Gabriel Mission now covering more than an acre of ground.

This starter from Spain was augmented, following Gold Rush days, by immigrants from France, Germany, and Scandinavia, and still later by Italian vineyardists and vintners. The patron saint of most California grape growers is a Hungarian nobleman, Count Agoston Haraszthy, who laid out one of the first commercial vineyards in the Sonoma Valley, north of San Francisco. In 1861 the young state sent Haraszthy back to Europe to get cuttings of grape varieties suitable for founding a new wine industry on the Pacific coast. He brought back more than 100,000 cuttings of 1,400 varieties. These were set out to determine what types thrived best and where. The resulting California wines quite naturally bore the names of their French, Italian, Spanish, German, or Hungarian counterparts.

Meantime the vintners of New York's Finger Lakes region and Ohio's Lake Erie shore, who had tried without success to acclimate European grape varieties, turned to native types, such as the Catawba, the Concord, and the Scuppernong, which they successfully domesticated in their vineyards. Grapes from these vines fermented into an entirely new group of wine types, which the trade calls American wines.

The California vintners, who have been accused of appropriating long-established European variety names, contend that their wines are logically named after grape types rather than geographic areas. The new Wine Institute made it a major project to persuade members to use the word "California" before the old-established European wine names on the labels, so that the customers would know what they were getting.

■ An even greater paradox today is the fact that nearly all of the California wines with European names are crushed from grapes grown on American roots. This particular undigestible believe-it-or-not stems from an invasion of the deadly phylloxera, scourge of the vineyardists, in the '80s. With their carefully husbanded vineyards slowly succumbing to phylloxera, the California vineyardists replanted to native American rootstocks, which are resistant to the scourge, and grafted the European-type grapes onto them. Many of the grape growers of France had to do the same thing when phylloxera invaded their vineyards with devastating results. Thus the Burgundies, the Sauternes, the Pinots of both France and California are nurtured by native American grape roots.

As they struggled to rebuild their industry, the California vintners discovered that one of their hurdles was to overcome the popular idea that European wines were intrinsically superior to those fermented in this country. This involved making sure first that, wine for wine, California wines were comparable to imported rivals. Next, the Wine Institute undertook to educate users, many of whom had tasted only bootleg wine,

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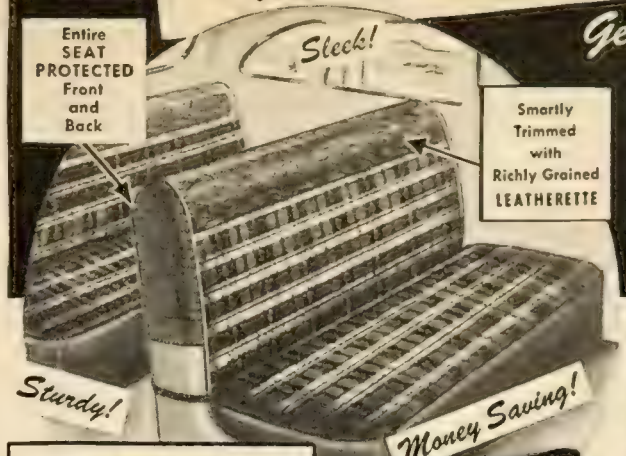

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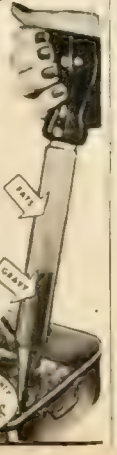

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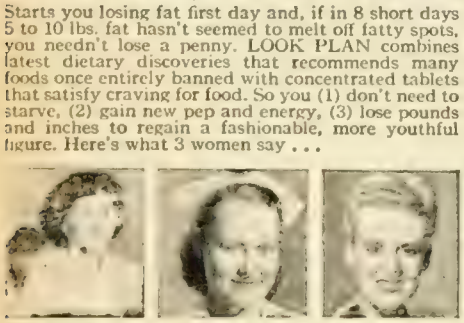

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in the distinctions between American and California wines.

With the co-operation of the state Agriculture Department, the Institute established specific wine standards, and shipment of substandard wines was prohibited. Then the Institute undertook to simplify the nomenclature of wines, to make the wine connoisseur's jargon understandable to anybody who enjoyed a glass of wine.

Vineyard culture, perhaps the most exacting form of agriculture, requires almost year-around attention to cultivate the vines, tie them to stakes, prune them, and harvest the grapes when the sugar content is just right for the type of wine desired. The wine-grape grower is literally laboring in the vineyard the year around.

In California the industry is broken up into natural and definite divisions, depending upon geography and climate. The hillsides of the cool coastal valleys, extending like fingers from San Francisco Bay, are right for growing the grapes to make light table wines, both red and white. The San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, which are hot, yield tremendous harvests under irrigation, a practice that the fine table-wine vintners abhor, of grape types suited for dessert wines, such as sherry, port, muscatel. In southern California, where irrigation is practiced, the output is largely table wines. The table wines, when distilled, yield much brandy.

Around Fresno, the Raisin City, in the San Joaquin Valley, thousands of tons of grapes are dried, and many tons are shipped as fresh grapes. One of the tribulations of the wine industry is that when a bumper harvest yields more raisin or table grapes than the market can absorb, the growers dump them into vats and ferment them, with a resulting flood of wines of dubious vintage.

■ To cope with this situation, the California growers and vintners have voluntarily set up controls. The state marketing act provides that when two-thirds of the producers, by volume or by membership, so vote, everybody has to abide by the rules of the majority for the good of the industry. Thus the state enforces quality standards and the Wine Advisory Board, composed of 19 growers and vintners appointed by the state Director of Agriculture, administers the monies to which a vintner must contribute in proportion to his volume to publicize California wines. The assessment of one and one-half cents a gallon on dessert wines and three-quarters of a cent on table wines, for education and promotion, amounted to $1,332,000 in 1946, and about a million dollars in 1947, an off year.

Some remarkable results have been accomplished by this co-operative enterprise. Most of the states have drastically reduced their excise taxes. Ohio, for example, cut the tax from a dollar a gallon to 30 cents. Many states have adopted the California restriction against adulteration. This is important to wine buyers, because half of the California wines leaves the state in tank cars and is bottled where it is sold. Recently 16 dealers

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were caught in New Jersey "stretching" the wine they bottled—diluting it with water or other beverages—and fined or put out of business. The federal authorities now require that wine adulterated in any way be labeled "Imitation Wine."

A significant development in recent years is the number of small wineries in California specializing in fine wines of a single type. Where a single huge winery may turn out up to 12,000,000 gallons of bulk wines a year, a tiny one such as Hallcrest at Felton will make only 2,000 to 3,000 gallons a year in oaken casks. Where one big winery handles the grapes from 40,000 acres in the San Joaquin Valley, Hallcrest may ferment only the harvest of four select acres on choice Santa Cruz slopes.

Although on the production-volume basis some of these little wineries pay only a dollar a month dues, the Wine Institute gives them all the service in the book, because, as manager Caddow explains, the small vintners making blue-ribbon wines are setting the quality pace for the big ones to shoot at.

"The most distinguished wines in the world have come from little vineyards and small wineries," he said. "The more of them we have, the sooner connoisseurs will recognize that, wine for wine, California vintages will equal those of any other land in quality. Also, that the average California wine is superior to the average of any other land, because of the controls our vintners have maintained over their vintages as they lifted themselves by their own bootstraps.

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FOOD

Continued from Page 46

And, finally, when all the treasures of the kitchen are entered and coded and the judges get their heads together, the things you can learn about preserving! . . . Too little sugar makes jelly tough or stringy; so does boiling it too long. Crystal formations are caused by boiling the juice too long before sugar is added; and when syrup spatters on the side of the pan, that'll do it too. . . . Cloudy crabapple jelly that's first clear and turns up foggy later, comes from using too green fruit. . . . Weepy jelly may be caused by filling glasses too full, or using a too thick paraffin cover.

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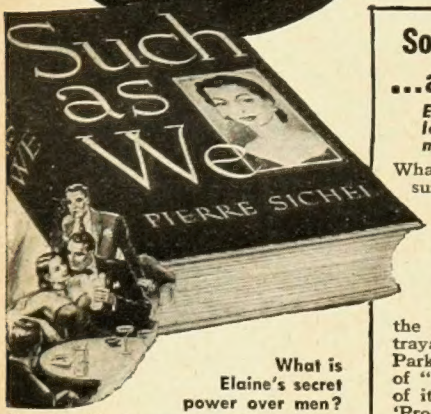

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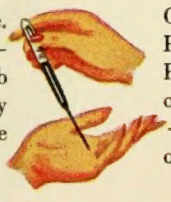

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